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INTERLUDES

(SECOND SERIES)

BEING

TWO ESSAYS, A FARCE, AND SOME VERSES.



INTERLUDES

(SECOND SERIES)

BEING

TWO ESSAYS, A FARCE, AND
SOME VERSES

BY

(HORACE SMITH)

Smith, Horatio
///

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ESSAYS.

ESSAYS.

I. HYPOCRISY.

(1.) THE RELIGIOUS OR MORAL HYPOCRITE.

It will be conceded that hypocrisy in its worst form is one of the most loathsome of moral diseases—

“The sin
That neither man nor God can well forgive,
Hypocrisy.”

Straightforward wickedness and outrageous depravity may be forgiven after a time; but hypocrisy never. Our blood curdles when we call to mind the names of hypocrites, real or imaginary. Iago, Joseph Surface, Uriah Heap, Titus Oates, Dousterswivle, Pecksniff, Charles Honeyman, Becky Sharpe, Lewis XI., Ananias, Gehazi, Judas. How crushing is the accusation, “Thou hypocrite.” How awful, but how righteous does the denunciation sound, “Woe unto you, hypocrites!” Who would not suffer any indignity rather than be branded by the name of “hypocrite”—the moral leper whom no man will approach—“unclean, unclean!”

“Trust him not who seems a saint,” said old Fuller.

How often in the sad experience of life we have had to acknowledge the truth of this bitter saying. There was a certain Mr. Pye in Lincolnshire; he was outwardly a religious man and of the highest morals. He swindled everybody. Mr. Hastings was a man in whom people placed implicit confidence; he was Chairman of Quarter Sessions, etc. Yet his trial and disgrace are fresh in our memories. Sir John Dean Paul was a saint among the Low Church party until he was found out. A thief turned Sir John's hypocrisy to some account when he asked for his prayers, and in the ardour of his soul embraced Sir John's knees, and ran away with his watch. But, generally speaking, it is not easy to "score off" the hypocrite. It is he who scores off others. He takes them in, and he feeds on them. He is like some beautiful flowers we read about that open their petals to the fly and then seize upon it and devour it. The latest instance of the money-grabbing hypocrite is that of the man Loughnan, who got £140,000 out of poor Mr. Henry Morley for the advancement of true religion and virtue.

It is a curious thing that from the days of Judas to the present day the religious hypocrite always manages to get the control of the money-bag. He is the man whom everybody trusts before he is found out, and it is often quite wonderful for what a long time he will flourish like a green bay tree.

"Hypocrisy," said Rochefoucault, "is the homage which vice pays to virtue." So that the old proverb applies, "Imitation is the sincerest flattery." It seems strange, when we find the wicked affecting virtue, and desiring to be thought virtuous; and upon the other

hand the really virtuous often giving themselves the airs of the worldly wicked. Hypocrisy is said in Hudibras to be

“ the thrivingest calling,
The only saints’ bell that sings all in.
In which all churches are concerned,
And is the easiest to be learned.”

Certainly there are hypocrites in every sect, and it would be at once difficult and invidious to apportion the probable average numbers which belong to each. It is more agreeable and equally correct to observe, that every sect has its true believers, who, as far as human frailty will permit, endeavour honestly to carry into practice the teachings of their faith. Nor is it altogether fair to set down any peculiarity of demeanour as clearly evincing hypocrisy. Neither the nasal exclamations of the most pronounced nonconformist, nor the prostrations of the most advanced ritualist, are necessarily hypocritical, though to the uninformed observer they would seem to be so. People are much too ready to call any act of devotion to which they are not accustomed, “hypocrisy.”

But, upon the other hand, I remark that all fanaticism, whether religious or political, leads to hypocrisy. Fanaticism in its inception is all earnestness and sincerity; but it declines to be governed by reason and by truth. It will *have* what it wants, if not by fair means then by foul, and hence fanatics are great pretenders, and their lives are often *bizarre*, and open to the sneers of the avowed unbeliever.

It is true that in these days of respectability there is not much hypocrisy of the more villainous kind;

but there is a quiet kind of hypocrisy about the forms of religion. People go to church because it is respectable, and they join more or less in the service because the general opinion is that it is decent to do so in moderation. They also abstain from "daily service over the net," and from garden parties on a Sabbath. But, on the whole, although the form of religion may be kept up, the inner life is unaffected.

Major Pendennis instructs Arthur in the ways of the world at Bays's Club: "Sir Hugh Trumpington is now upstairs at Bays's, playing piquet with Count Punter: he is the second best player in England—as well he may be; for he plays every day of his life, except Sundays (for he is an uncommonly religious man), from half-past three till half-past seven, when he dresses for dinner." . . . And on another occasion he says to Arthur: "The Duke of St. Davids, whom I have the honour of knowing, always sings in the country, and let me tell you it has a doosed fine effect from the family pew."

Persons are not to be charged with hypocrisy because they fail to raise their minds to the proper pitch of devotion, or because they unwittingly allow their minds to wander into secular matters; nor are they to be charged with hypocrisy because their lives do not correspond with their apparent aspirations. "You must be very ignorant of human life," said Dr. Johnson, "if you think a man cannot be sincere in good principles though his practice may be bad." A celebrated lady at the court of a French king was observed to be fasting in Lent although her moral character in one respect was not unblemished; on being taxed with

hypocrisy she denied the charge, and said that she thought it very hard because she had been guilty of one crime that she should be *suspected* of all the rest.

I do not know that I need describe the religious hypocrite at any great length or give illustrations of his character. He is well known to satirical prose and poetry ; and, upon the stage, he is a frequent source of alternate disgust and merriment. But perhaps one or two illustrations may be permitted me.

This is how Tennyson has described him in perhaps the only purely satirical lines he ever wrote:—

“ With all his conscience and one eye askew ;
 So false, he partly took himself for true ;
 Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,
 Made wet the crafty crow’s-foot round his eye ;
 Who never naming God, except for gain,
 So never took that useful name in vain.
 Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged,
 And snake-like slimed his victim ere he gorged ;
 And oft at Bible meetings o’er the rest
 Arising, did his holy oily best,
 Dropping the too rough H in Hell and Heaven
 To spread the Word, by which himself had thriven.”

The character here drawn is, no doubt, that of a Stiggins—the canting, Psalm-singing rascal, whom the old playwright delighted to bring upon the stage ; but religious hypocrites are of various sorts.

The stage religious hypocrite is well put on the boards in Bickerstaffe’s play. *Old Lady Lambert* says to *Mawworm* : “ But what is the matter with you, Mr. Mawworm ? ”

Mawworm. “ I’m a breaking my heart—I think it’s a sin to keep a shop.”

Old L. "Why, if you think it a sin, it is one. Pray, what is your business?"

M. "We deal in grocery, tea, small beer, charcoal, butter, brick dust, and the like. I wants to go a preaching."

Old L. "Do you?"

M. "I'm almost sure I've had a call. I have made several sarmons already. I does them extrumperry, because I can't write; and now the roughs in our alley says as how my head's turned. We lets our house in lodgings to single men, and sometimes I gets them together with one or two of the neighbours, and makes them all cry. I got upon Kennington Common the last review day; but the boys threw brickbats at me, and pinned crackers to my tail, and I have been afraid to mount ever since. I says to them, says I, I stand here contagious to his Majesty's guards, and I charge you upon your apparels not to mislest me: and it had no more effect than if I spoke to so many postesses. . . . I was a great lover of skittles once, but now I can't bear 'em."

Old L. "What a blessed reformation!"

M. "I informed, and convicted a man of swearing five oaths, as last Thursday was a se'night at the Pewter Platter in the Borough; and another of three, whilst he was playing trapball in St. George's Fields. I bought this waistcoat out of my share of the money."

I have now given you a specimen of the hypocrite as portrayed by the poet and by the dramatist; and you may say that they are overdrawn. But allow me to introduce to you a hypocrite in real life as exhibited in his own letters. One of the most interesting books

I have read for a long time is the *Memoirs of the Verney Family during the Civil War*. Splendid fellows some of them seem to have been, old Sir Ralph the father, Ralph the Parliamentary, and Edmund the brave cavalier. But Tom is the ne'er-do-weel and the hypocrite. He writes to his father: "I desire when you have heard the good report my Captaine will relate to you, out of your noble mind you will remitt, and forgive all my former offences, and those faults which I have formerly and in such a base manner committed against so good a father as you are. Let these lines stir you to have pittie upon mee, that I may receive one smiling and merry countenance from you which I have formerly seen angry and frowning. Your true penitent and obedient son till death."

Again he writes: "that you might thereby understand that I am leading a new life which shall not only yield great comfort to yourself, but be a comfort to all my friendes. Therefore, dear father, let mee again upon my bended knees crave at your mercifull hands pardon and forgiveness for that illspent life which I have formerly led." He then asks for his mother's blessing, and more money, and clothes. He begs for £20 from his brother Ralph, but desires him not to tell his father, "lest it hinder me of that money," which he has been begging from his father.

Tom's brother, Ralph, writes: "About three days before hee went hee played me a slippery tricke, though I had many deepe protestations to the contrary. It was not discovered till he was gone." Tom writes in another letter to his mother (a begging letter, of course): "There is no news worth your acceptance

or worthy my labour, but that I am resolved by the grace of God to leade a new life, which I hope you will rejoice when you heare of it from others as well as myself." He writes to his brother Ralph: "Now whereas you write me word that I will never leave borrowing of such poor creatures, let me tell you lords and knights and gentlemen of far better rank than myself are and will be still indebted unto tailors, and therefore I count it no disparagement. There was a kinsman of ours (he shall be nameless because he is dead) that lived after a very high rank, and perhapps you thought that he would have scorned to have been credited by a poor taylor, yet I know where he was deeply indebted to one, but the taylor is now dead and so is he." What a slanderous hypocrite, and how artful!

Finally we hear him lamenting that he cannot come home by way of Diap or Calais, because the banquier who paid money on his forged bill was looking after him. "I have run into great error. It is too late to recall what I have done, but it is not too late to repent. My daily study now is to serve God and to avoid the banquier apprehending mee."

This last touch of calculating how to evade God and the banquier at the same time is truly delicious. He mixes up the two together as if they were quite on a par; and I don't doubt that the banquier was the more important of the two, his vengeance being less remote. I am reminded of a story about Serjeant Ballantyne when starting for India to defend some Indian Prince. "Well, Ballantyne," said a friend to

him, "I suppose the Prince feels rather uncomfortable about this trial." "Oh, no," said the serjeant, "not at all. He puts his trust in Providence and Ballantyne."

The next most objectionable hypocrite is

(2.) THE POLITICAL HYPOCRITE.

In dealing with political hypocrisy it is unnecessary to indicate any particular party, or even to allude to party politics especially; but speaking generally, hypocrites will be found amongst all those persons who are actively engaged in pursuing some policy involving some political or social change. All persons who wish to get and keep together a following, who will devote themselves to the attainment of some particular object, are bound to exercise some diplomacy. Enthusiasm and energy will not suffice alone. They must be wise as serpents as well as harmless as doves, or their league will fall through. Hence such persons often play the part of hypocrites, and are frequently branded by the name of "turncoat." And, further, in order to obtain their particular ends such persons are often utterly regardless of the rights or wishes of others, whose interests clash with theirs. They will trample upon public and private rights and liberties with absolute indifference, so that their own particular hobby may be brought to the front. In the name of Liberty and Fraternity they will institute Slavery and Fratricide. They are like the Revolutionists of France, as they are described by Burke. "They seemed tame, and even caressing. They had nothing but *douce humanité* in their mouth. They could not bear the punishment of

the mildest laws on the greatest criminals. The slightest severity of justice made their flesh creep. The very idea that war existed in the world disturbed their repose. Hardly would they hear of self-defence, which they reduced within such bounds as to leave it no defence at all. All this while they meditated the confiscations and massacres we have seen. They (the Republicans) are ready to declare that they do not think two thousand years too long a period for the good that they pursue. It is remarkable that they never see any way to their projected good but by the road of some evil. Their imagination is not fatigued with the contemplation of human suffering through the wild waste of centuries added to centuries of misery and desolation. Their humanity is at their horizon, and, like the horizon, it always flies before them."

A French Socialist, one M. Ouin, very recently expressed a wish "for a world where every one must be able to live, love, eat, drink, work, and amuse himself exactly when and how he liked." Alas for human nature! Here are six things demanded, five of which there is little doubt could be readily performed, but it is to be feared the sixth, which is work, would be regarded as too great a privilege to be insisted upon. There is no difficulty, as a rule, in living, loving, eating, drinking, or amusing oneself, especially at other people's expense; but too large an indulgence in these five virtues might make a man unwilling to avail himself freely of the sixth, that is "work."

There is a great deal of hypocrisy in some of the very fine aspirations for the benefit of our fellow creatures in which people now indulge. It is a very

fine thing no doubt, but a very easy one, to talk inflated rubbish from a cart, or to write it for the magazines; but it has often not much backbone in it.

It is to be feared that the man who devotes himself to political life becomes daily less sincere; and, if he rises to power, he is in great danger of becoming a chronic hypocrite.

In the country of the wise Houyhnhnms, where Gulliver found himself, the grey horse wished to be informed by Gulliver what a chief minister of state was like, and Gulliver tells him: "I told him that a chief minister of state was a creature wholly exempt from Joy and Grief, Love and Hatred, Pity and Anger; at least maketh use of no other passions but a violent desire of wealth, power, and titles; that he applieth his words to all uses, except to the indication of his mind: that he never telleth a truth, but with an intent that you should take it for a lie; nor a lie, but with a design that you should take it for a truth: that those he speaketh worst of behind their backs are in the way to preferment; and whenever he beginneth to praise you to others, or to yourself, you are from that day forlorn. The worst mark you can receive is a promise, especially when it is confirmed with an oath; after which, every wise man retireth and giveth over all hopes."

As to candidates for seats in Parliament, their hypocritical promises are proverbial. The lover in *Maud* suspects that even Maud may have been taught hypocrisy by her brother, and he thinks he ought not to trust to her feigned interest in him.

"What, if he had told her yesternorn
How prettily, for his own sweet sake,

A face of tenderness might be feigned,
 And a moist mirage in desert eyes,
 That so, when the rotten hustings shake
 In another month to his brazen lies,
 A wretched vote might be gained !”

Macaulay has described the hypocritical canvassers, who go to see the quiet country parson, and to solicit the favour of his vote and interest for the candidate.

“True gentlemen, kind and well-bred,—
 No fleering, no distance, no scorn:—
 They asked after my wife, who is dead,
 And my children, who never were born !”

Lowell, too, has fairly drawn the political hypocrite:

“In short, I firmly du believe
 In humbug generally,
 For it's a thing that I perceive
 To hev a solid vally.
 This heth my faithful shepherd been,—
 In pastures sweet heth led me ;
 And this'll keep the people green
 To feed as they hev fed me.”

But enough has been said of the political hypocrite. He is an uninteresting person, because you feel that he is the mere victim of circumstances. In his private life he may be a most sincere and honest man, but in his political life he is almost bound to be a hypocrite. Some politicians are more sincere than others ; but their very earnestness as to some things induces hypocrisy as to others. The absolutely honest politician is rare ; but

“in a state where men are tempted still
 To evil, for a guard against worse ill,

And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows."

(3.) SOCIAL HYPOCRISY.

The social hypocrite, or perhaps it should be written the social simulator and dissimulator, is an interesting study. He is everywhere to be seen; we meet him at every turn. We are all of us hypocrites to some extent; and, indeed, in this wicked world we are forced to become so. As Mrs. Gamp says, "We was born into a wale, and we must take the consequence of sich a sitivation." Perhaps the term "hypocrite" may be harsh, but no reason can be given for not using it in this sense. The Greek word *ὑποκρισία* means "acting a part"; and whenever we are acting a part we are hypocrites. Sometimes we may do so from a good motive, sometimes from a bad one, but in either case we are untruthful.

Dissimulation is the hiding of what really is, and simulation the pretending that something is which really is not. A certain amount of dissimulation is almost a necessity. We must in some degree disguise some part of what we are and what we think. I doubt if any man could dare to lay open the whole of what he is. Simulation is however a very different thing. There is generally no necessity to pretend to be something which we are not. There is even no necessity to pretend that we are worse than we are; but to pretend that we are better than we are is hypocrisy of the worst sort; it is simulation done with the object of gaining

some advantage to which we are not really entitled. This "acting a part" is, as I have said, generally displayed in pretending to be better, wiser, greater—more virtuous, in short, than we really are; but there is often much hypocrisy in pretending to be more incapable or wicked in mind and body than we really are. The Rev. Mr. Egerton asked his Sunday School at Burwash in Sussex, "What is hypocrisy?" One sharp child said, "I know: it's a man who pretends to be lame, when he 'asn't got naught the matter wi' him." "Mary," in Thackeray's ballad was a most deceitful hypocrite of this sort.

" ' Mrs. Roney! Oh Mrs. Roney! I feel very ill,
Will you just step to the doctor's for to fetch me a pill.'
' That I will my pore Mary,' Mrs. Rowney, says she;
And she goes off to the doctor's as quickly as may be.

' No sooner on this message Mrs. Roney was sped,
Than hup gets wicked Mary, and jumps out of bed;
She hopens all the trunks without never a key—
She bustes all the boxes and with them makes free."

So prisoners before a magistrate will often weep and sigh, and appear ready to faint; but, upon sentence being given, they will break out into the loudest and foulest language. A poor woman was charged before me for being drunk and disorderly. Being asked what she had to say, she tearfully pleaded that she was very poor, and had nothing to eat; and that a friend had given her something to drink. She was sure she would never do it again, if I would only forgive her this once. It turned out it was not a first offence, and I somewhat reluctantly said: "Five shillings or five days." Her tone at once changed. "Well, you're a nice sort of

Mr. Horace Smith, you are—I did think better of you than that.” The same class of hypocrisy is evinced when young ladies are asked to sing, and declare that they have quite a bad cough, and haven’t practised lately—all which is quite untrue. This hypocrisy in pretending to be worse than we are is a sort of whim very much affected by young men. Older men in general know that they are bad enough without pretending to be worse. And yet some men will affect to be worse than they really are; and persons of age and position will tell stories against themselves even at the risk of lessening the respect in which they are justly held. A learned judge told how, on the first occasion when he went to Cathedral Service at the Assizes, the chaplain preached rather a long sermon; and, “just as it was coming to an end, he jibbed, and said something about the propagation of the Gospel. And then I saw a man with a bag on the end of a long white wand coming towards me. So I said to the High Sheriff, ‘What shall *you* give’; and then he showed me a sovereign. I at once made up my mind to give a threepenny piece, because anyone who examined the bag would be sure to think the judge had given the sovereign, and the sheriff the threepenny bit.”

The self-depreciatory style is very often an indication of very deep-rooted conceit. I knew a young man once, who generally began his remarks by, “I may be a fool. I dare say I am, but what I say is,” etc. No doubt some people use terms of self-depreciation in the hope that some one else may say, “Oh, don’t say so, you are everything that is good and great.” On

the whole very few people are taken in by very apparent humility. It is only when there is not too much of it that we may be taken in by it. So it is with flattery, which is scarcely pleasing when it is laid on with a trowel. Flattery is one of the forms of hypocrisy; and, when only amiable though false, is not altogether disagreeable; but, when used for some sinister purpose, it is very objectionable.

The self-depreciatory style is so prevalent that I shall find little difficulty in illustrating this part of my subject.

My dear old law-coach, Tom Jones, was no hypocrite, nor had he, I think, the virtue of humility. "My lords," he said one day, "I am sorry to say that my learned leader is unavoidably absent, and I am afraid that I shall scarcely be able to——." "Mr. Jones," said Chief Baron Kelly, interrupting, with that unearthly virtuous face of his, "I am sure no one would say that you were incompetent to conduct the case." "No, my lord; no one would say so, except *myself*."

When the new Royal Courts of Justice were to be opened by Her Majesty in person, the judges met to consider a dutiful address to be presented to the Queen. The Lord Chancellor read a draft report in which he said, "We are all painfully aware of our own deficiencies." "I can't stand that," said Jessel, the Master of the Rolls, "I haven't got any deficiencies to be aware of." There was some discussion as to how the phrase might be amended. "Don't you think, my Lord," said Lord-Justice Bowen, in his sweetest manner, "that it might run thus: 'We are all painfully aware of each other's deficiencies.'"

This self-depreciation, if carried to any great length, or if used designedly for the attainment of some wicked or selfish end, becomes very loathsome. Sir Pertinax Macsycophant tells us in the *Man of the World* how he rose in life in spite of every obstacle: "I boo'd, and I boo'd, and I boo'd." Tennyson's Churchwarden tells the Curate :

" If iver tha means to git 'igher,
Tha mun tackle the sins of the Wo'ld, an' not the faults o' the
Squire.
An' I reckons tha'll light on a livin' somewheers i' the Wowd
or the Fen,
If tha cottons down to thy betters, and keeaps thysen to thysen.
But niver not speäk plain out, if thou wants to git forrards a bit ;
But creeap along the hedge-bottoms, an' thou'll be a Bishop
yit."

It is the latest fashion to whitewash every scoundrel ; and it seems that Lord Chesterfield is the very newest saint. He was undoubtedly a great advocate of the *suaviter in modo* ; but to be at so much pains to teach hypocrisy seems to be, to say the least, unnecessary ; and certainly the two Philip Stanhopes derived little benefit from his teaching.

This false humility is well pictured in Uriah Heap :
" "Oh, Master Copperfield, if you had only had the condescension to return my confidence when I poured out the fulness of my 'art. . . . I know you'll excuse the precautions of affection, won't you? . . . I know you have never liked me as I have liked you !"

"All this time he was squeezing my hand with his damp fishy fingers, while I made every effort to get it away. He drew it under the sleeve of his mulberry-

coloured great-coat, and I walked on almost by compulsion arm in arm with him.

“‘There now,’ said Uriah, looking flabby and lead-coloured in the moonlight, ‘Father and me was both brought up at a Foundation School. They taught us all a deal of ’umbleness. . . . We was to be ’umble to this person and ’umble to that, and to pull off our caps here, and to make bows there, and always to know our place, and to abase ourselves before our betters. And we had such a lot of betters! Father got the monitor medal by being ’umble. Be ’umble, Uriah, says father to me, and you’ll get on. It was what was always being dinned into you and me at school; it’s what goes down best. Be ’umble, says father, and you’ll do! And really it ain’t done bad. . . . When I was quite a boy I got to know what ’umbleness did, and I took to it. I ate ’umble pie with an appetite. I stopped at the ’umble point of my learning, and says I, Hold hard. When you offer to teach me Latin I know better. People like to be above you, says father; keep yourself down. I am very ’umble to the present moment, Mr. Copperfield, but I’ve got a little power.’”

But while there is hypocrisy in pretending to be unworthy, and humble, and self-debased, there is also an opposite kind of hypocrisy, viz., that of pretending to be a blunt, honest fellow, who always speaks his mind. Mrs. Candour in the *School for Scandal* is the greatest scandal-monger of the whole tribe. One of these very candid persons once said, “I am the publican in the parable, not the Pharisee, thank God.”

Sometimes when the very humble man meets with the too candid man they are like flint and steel, and the

sparks fly. Sir John Karslake (that most perfect specimen of what a barrister should be, both to look at and to listen to), after he had been smitten with blindness, happened one day to meet a great man, who was sometime retired from public life. "How do you do?" said Sir John. "How do you do?" said the great man in a complaining tone, "I can't remember who you are. I remember you suffer from some affliction. I also suffer from a very severe affliction. I can't remember anything that I have ever done or said." "Oh," said Sir John, "I don't think that's much of an affliction in your case. There must be a good many things you have said and done that you don't care to remember." This was being somewhat too candid, and plain spoken. It is right to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, but your candid friend is often a little *de trop*. It is not necessary to obtrude our truthfulness too much. A fond father of the Jewish persuasion attended a conference with Mr. Hawkins, to give him instructions to defend his son upon a charge of perjury in an affidavit. "I do ashure you, Mr. Hawkinsh, he'sh the mosht truthful young man in the world. His mosher and I have alwaysh inshisted upon his schpeaking the truth, Mr. Hawkinsh, ever sinche he wash a child. He'sh sho truthful that I ashure you, Mr. Hawkinsh, that shome-times he overshteps the limitsh of truth itshef. He left the little word 'not' out of hish affidavid by inadver-tenshy." It may be safely said that it is never necessary to overstep the limits of truth itself; and I admit, rather reluctantly, that there are times when it is necessary to speak something less than the truth, just as there

are times when it is well to speak the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in defiance of consequences.

All outward manifestations of feeling should be as much as possible consistent with the inward emotion of the person exhibiting them, but rather below the sentiment than above it. "Gush" is a dreadful thing. Foreigners and some English ladies "gush" too much. Englishmen on the other hand are *gauche* and brusque in their endeavours to avoid "gush." I shall never forget the first time I saw two Frenchmen kiss one another and twice embrace in the view of a hundred strangers.

Sympathy, real sympathy, what a divine quality! False sympathy, how disgusting, but what a quantity there is of it! "The intimacy between the young ladies sprang up, like Jack's bean stalk to the skies, in a single night. The large footmen were perpetually walking with little pink notes to Fair Oaks. Miss Amory sent music, or Miss Amory sent a new novel, or a picture from the *Journal des Modes* to Laura, &c., &c. It appeared from her poems (entitled *Mes Larmes*) that the young creature had indeed suffered prodigiously. She was familiar with the idea of suicide. Death she repeatedly longed for. A faded rose inspired her with such grief that you would have thought she must die in pain of it. It was a wonder how a young creature should have suffered so much—should have found means of getting at such an ocean of despair and passion, and having embarked on it should survive it. What a talent she must have had for weeping to be able to pour out so many of *Mes Larmes*! They were not particularly briny Miss Blanche's tears, that is the truth; but Pen, who read her verses, thought them

very well for a lady—and wrote some verses himself for her. His were very violent and passionate, very hot, sweet, and strong; and he not only wrote verses; but—O, the villain! O, the deceiver!—he altered and adapted former poems in his possession, and which had been composed for a certain Miss Emily Fotheringay, for the use and to the Christian name of Miss Blanche Amory.”

No doubt we all feel that it is only polite to affect some sympathy even where we do not feel it. There are certain expressions which can scarcely be avoided. “How glad I am to have seen you!” “How sorry I am you are going!” This desire to appear sympathetic is constantly displayed. Upon meeting a friend, and thinking how ill he looks, we hasten to say that we never saw him look better, or younger. “What is the use,” said the late Postmaster-General, Henry Fawcett, to me, “of saying when you meet a friend, ‘It’s a fine day.’ He knows that as well as you. And what’s the use of saying, ‘How do you do?’ You can see how he is doing, and what’s more you don’t care for the answer. I always say, ‘What have you got for dinner?’”

“‘Nay I feel,’ replied King Canute, ‘that my end is drawing near.’

‘Don’t say so,’ exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear),

‘Sure your Grace is strong and lusty and may live this fifty year.’

“‘Live this fifty years!’ the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit;

‘Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute!

Men have lived a thousand years, and sure His Majesty will do’t.

“‘Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Canan, Mahaleel, Methusela, Lived nine hundred years a-piece, and mayn’t the King as well as they?’

‘Fervently,’ exclaimed the Keeper, ‘fervently, I trust he may.’

“‘*He* to die,’ resumed the Bishop. ‘He a mortal like to us! Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus*; Keeper, you are irreligious, for to talk and cavil thus.’”

Then, too, how frequently we say, “My dear madam, I am quite sure your son will get on in life”; or, “no doubt your daughter will make a charming match,” when you really feel pretty certain that young hopeful will come to the gallows; and you are quite sure that nothing but a large fortune in prospect would suffice to attract any man towards the maiden.

There is a great deal of sham sympathy displayed in elaborate funerals,—in all “the trappings and the suits of woe,”—in the “kind inquiries” after a death has taken place, when perhaps we really think that the world is well rid of the dear departed. Society pretends to be deeply affected, and sends most expensive wreaths as evidences of its sorrow on occasions where it is obvious that, even as a compliment, the expression of regret is misplaced.

An old woman had been to a Benefit Club feast, and thus described the scene which she had witnessed. “Oh! Ma’am, the procession were beautiful, and at the end of it all the widows that were upon the Club came along riding in a waggon: and the Club stewards had made a grave in the waggon, and had covered it with turf, and all the widows sat round it, making believe to weep, and they used their handkerchers as naytral as naytral.”

There is, however, one piece of hypocrisy of which we seem happily to be rid in these days. We no longer describe the virtues of the departed upon his or her tombstone.

“When Hopkins dies a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who, living, saved a candle’s end,
Should’ring God’s altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay, extends his hands.”

It would be harsh to say that all tombstones tell lies, but it is doubtful if any tell the whole truth and nothing else.

This desire to appear sympathetic affects us in many ways. Many good persons are never happy unless they are expressing their sympathy with some other person, or some class of persons, in such a manner as to make a stir and attract attention. This is hypocrisy in so far as it is to be attributed to the desire to attract attention, although there may be some genuine sympathy mixed with the baser motive. We can be very sympathetic even to the worst criminals, when their crimes do not touch ourselves, or our interests. The vilest murderers seem to draw forth the public sympathy; but if these sympathetic persons only realized that they were themselves in danger, their sympathy would rapidly cool. At the trial of certain peers for high treason in the cause of the Pretender, Horace Walpole said to one of the spectators, “I really feel for the prisoners.” “Feel for them!” said the spectator, “Pray, sir, if they had succeeded, what would have become of *all us*!”

We live in a philanthropic age. Philanthropy is of course a most excellent thing. We ought to love

our neighbour, but also we are not to let our left hand know what our right hand doeth, and there is a little too much of show about our philanthropy. We say too much about it, and sometimes, I fear, we are not quite sincere. We gush too often. It does us good sometimes, I think, to be called to our senses on this subject. Sir Fitzjames Stephen somewhere has expressed himself to the following effect: "I like A, B and C well enough, but as far as I know my neighbours, I dislike them." "Why don't you love your country?" some one asked of Horace Walpole, who replied, "I should love my country exceedingly, if it were not for my countrymen"; and in another letter he says, "You see, I don't throw my liking about the street." Some one said, "We are told to love our enemies, and I do so; but we are not told to like them."

Much of this sympathy, although a sham, is an amiable weakness, and arises out of a very simple wish to be kind and polite; but there is also a good deal of it which is mere humbug, and sometimes has a sinister object. When the benevolent gentlemen called upon old Scrouge to ask him to continue the subscription of the firm of Scrouge & Marley, they said, "We feel sure that the liberality of Mr. Marley is well represented by his surviving partner." It certainly was! A very charitable lady was in the habit of sending an advertisement of her favourite institution to all the persons mentioned in the first column of the *Times* as having been presented with a child. She always enclosed a note, saying that she was sure the gentleman would wish to show his thankfulness

to Providence for His late mercy vouchsafed to him. By mistake one day she copied a name out of the deaths instead of the births, and sent her letter to a man who had just lost his wife.

Something akin to this false sympathy is that habit of mind whereby we let pass, or affect to approve of, opinions which we really condemn or despise. This is one of those points upon which it is most difficult to suggest any rule. It is difficult, as is said, "to draw the line." When is it incumbent upon a man to express dissent or disapproval? One test would be, whether on the whole the objector thinks more good or harm would come of his interference. The occasions must be very rare, one would think, when it is necessary altogether to dissemble and to pretend to approve what we dislike. I suppose to avoid personal violence a man may dissemble, and no doubt with a lunatic or drunkard it is prudent sometimes to acquiesce in their views. But, as a rule of life and conduct, it is well to speak boldly; for, if not, the false impression you create is pretty sure to return back upon you. Dr. Johnson said: "If a madman were to come into this room with a stick in his hand no doubt we should pity the state of his mind; but our primary consideration would be to take care of ourselves. We should knock him down first, and pity him afterwards."

There is a good deal of hypocrisy to be gone through by those persons who desire to belong, or to appear to belong, to a class above them. These hypocrites are overwhelmingly polite to those who are in a higher position; and, if not quite amiable, they feel some difficulty in pretending to be civil to those

beneath them. The efforts of some people to appear rich, when they are poor,—to pretend like Mrs. Boffin to be “high-flyers at the fashions,”—are truly amusing. If I meet Mr. A in London in the month of August, he is not dressed in his usual frock coat but in plain fustian, and he anxiously assures me that he is “on the wing—a mere bird of passage.” His mother and sister and he are, however, living in the back rooms of their house with shutters closed in all the rooms facing the street. Then there is the usual greengrocer who waits behind your host’s chair, and the undertaker who hands round the wine, the gardener who puts on livery to drive the carriage, and the dinner which is served from the pastry cook’s and will never be paid for.

The father of the family, what a hypocrite he is, and how his family help him to be one! What a sacred place his study is where he must on no account be disturbed, because his business is so important! “After breakfast, on the morning of which we are writing, the archdeacon, as usual, retired to his study, intimating that he was going to be very busy, but that he would see Mr. Chadwick if he called. On entering this sacred room, he carefully opened the paper case on which he was wont to compose his favourite sermons, and spread on it a fair sheet of paper and one partly written on; he then placed his inkstand, looked at his pen, and folded his blotting paper; having done so, he got up again from his seat, stood with his back to the fire place, and yawned comfortably, stretching out vastly his huge arms, and opening his burly chest. He then walked across the room and locked the door; and

having so prepared himself, he threw himself into his easy chair, took from a secret drawer beneath his table a volume of Rabelais, and began to amuse himself with the witty mischief of Panurge; and so passed the archdeacon's morning on that day. He was left undisturbed at his studies for an hour or two, when a knock came to the door, and Mr. Chadwick was announced. Rabelais retired into the secret drawer, the easy chair seemed knowingly to betake itself off, and when the archdeacon quickly undid his bolt, he was discovered by the steward working, as usual, for that church of which he was so useful a pillar."

Clearly the archdeacon had forgotten on that day that an archdeacon is a person who exercises archidiaconal functions.

Then, too, the lady of the house is so busy in the morning with her household affairs that she must not be disturbed. It may be so; but perhaps the truth is that she cannot be made visible until after luncheon—until the ravages of time and dissipation have been repaired. Even after luncheon she is sometimes "Not at home." Her hypocritical flunkey in the plush breeches is always palming off that monstrous lie upon his employer's poorer relations and friends.

"Mr. Mantilini put the tips of his whiskers, and by degrees his head, through the half opened door, and cried in a soft voice:—

"‘Is my life and soul there?’

"‘No!’ replied his wife.

"‘How can it say so, when it is blooming in the front room like a little rose in a demnition flower pot?’ urged Mantilini. ‘May its poppet come in and talk?’

“ ‘Certainly not,’ replied Madame. ‘You know I never allow you here. Go along.’ ”

It may be said there is little harm in saying “Not at home,” when in fact one is in the house, because the person addressed knows full well that the phrase is merely conventional, and not meant to be strictly interpreted; yet the servant who delivers the message thinks that his mistress has no objection to having lies told on her behalf, though she will not tell them herself. A new judge having been just appointed, one of the judges broke out into a flood of objurgations. “Thank you, brother Blank,” said a very great judge who was present, “I don’t swear myself, but if you would not mind repeating over again what you have just said, I should be much obliged to you.” This was swearing by deputy, and the telling of lies by deputy may be equally convenient, but it is not without some drawbacks. To stand by and hear a lie spoken, and not to contradict it, is much the same thing as to tell a lie oneself; and to allow a false impression to be made is very much the same thing as to make one.

One well-known phase of hypocrisy is exhibited where we are intensely affected by some passion or emotion; we disguise it by pretending to be actuated by another. We pretend that we are not angry at the outrageous insult we have received: we are only deeply grieved. We are not jealous of Miss Jones. Oh, no! though, to be sure, she is a little stuck-up minx, yet we are only sorry for those who have to live with her. We pretend not to care about the good dinner at which we are set down, what we delight in is the con-

versation or the music. What we admire in Scarboro' is the lovely bay, and not the scandal on the Spa. We pretend not to be the least annoyed when the ink-bottle is upset. We are mistress of ourselves though china fall. Little Tommy (drat him!) has smashed our favourite claret jug by his monkey tricks. Dear child, we are so sorry for him, he seems so contrite. A friend of mine, when anything used to vex him, would say: "Oh dear, oh d——! Oh dear, oh d——! Oh dear, oh d——! but *principally* d——!" There is a depth of true pathos about that, which seems to come home to one's bosom.

If any deflection from the truth is at all tolerable, it must be where some great right is to be gained by doing a little wrong. That sort of hypocrisy which arises simply from a desire not to offend the sensibility of others, or from mere goodness of heart and kindness (where there is no fear or favour) to do or say what we know will give pleasure, is surely, to say the least of it, a very mild form of hypocrisy, and may sometimes rise to a virtue. I think when the recording angel has to write down such a deflection from exact truth and candour, he must deal with that page of the book in the same fashion that he dealt with Uncle Toby's oath, by blotting it out for ever. Many persons, who cannot endure music, will sit for hours in a terrible state of nervous irritation, while their relations or friends are performing, and will actually declare that they are enjoying themselves. "Dear Charles is so kind and good to us," said two old ladies, "he reads to us every evening. It is a great pity (and a little trying at times) that we can't hear a

word he says; and sometimes it is very awkward when he asks us what we think about the story, because you see we haven't heard it; and we wouldn't have him know it for the world." How far is it right to deceive friends in this manner? How difficult it is to lay down any rule upon the subject! "I have said that Caleb and his daughter lived here. I should have said that Caleb lived here, and his poor blind daughter somewhere else—in an enchanted home of Caleb's furnishing, where scarcity and shabbiness were not, and trouble never entered. Caleb was no sorcerer, but in the only magic that still remains to us, the magic of devoted, deathless love, Nature had been the mistress of his study, and from her teaching all the wonder came. The blind girl never knew that the ceilings were discoloured, walls blotched and bare of plaster here and there, high crevices unstopped and widening every day, beams mouldering and tending downward. The blind girl never knew that iron was rusting, wood rotting, paper peeling off; the size, the shape, and true proportion of the dwelling withering away. The blind girl never knew that ugly shapes of delf and earthenware were on the board; that sorrow and faint-heartedness were in the house; that Caleb's scanty hairs were turning greyer and more grey before her sightless face. The blind girl never knew they had a master, cold, exacting, and unsympathizing—never knew that Tackleton was Tackleton in short; but lived in the belief of an eccentric humorist who loved to have his jest with them, and who, while he was the guardian angel of their lives, disdained to hear one word of thankfulness. And all this was Caleb's doing." And

so the story runs on. Caleb persuades his blind daughter that he is a "great swell" in a bright blue coat made loose to the figure, that the little rose tree was given to her by Tackleton, and that Tackleton is all that is benevolent and gracious, till the poor blind girl falls in love with the hideous Tackleton. "Great power!" exclaimed her father, smitten at one blow with the truth, "have I deceived her from her cradle, but to break her heart at last." However, her heart does not quite break, only *we* are left weeping at the pathos of the story. What a strong case this is! Surely to the weak, the afflicted, the miserable it is allowable to act a part, and to impose upon them for their benefit; but it must require great exercise of judgment to know when and how far it may be done. Take for instance the breaking of bad news to any one. Some evasion and circumlocution is necessary. Is the story too old to tell, I wonder? A husband was suddenly killed, and one of his friends was deputed to go and break the sad news to his widow in the gentlest manner he could invent. He went accordingly and said to her, "Good morning, widder!" She replied, "I don't know what you mean." "Good morning, widder," said he. "I don't understand you, I'm not a widow." "You bet." I need scarcely say the story is American. In one of Rudyard Kipling's stories two officers concoct a letter to a bereaved parent telling how their brother officer died surrounded by his friends and in the odour of sanctity, when in fact he had shot himself after having been ruined and disgraced. The story is powerful, but painful. It is surely better to speak

the truth under some reserve rather than to invent a horrible delusion.

Hypocrisy is apparently a very natural vice, and seldom requires teaching. With a Coriolanus, no doubt, there may be some difficulty, but the character of Coriolanus is a rare one. Most people learn to be hypocrites somewhat easily. We all want teaching to be truthful and honest, but the tricks of hypocrisy can be picked up very easily. Lady Macbeth, it is true, thought it necessary to tell her husband :

“Look like the innocent flower
But be the serpent under it” ;

and Richard the Third was advised :

“And look you get a prayer book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord.”

But, speaking generally, hypocrisy comes naturally enough to most people, indeed I think it must be born in us.

At a very early age children learn to be hypocritical. One reason for this is that, being small and also excitable, they are anxious to avoid punishment or the dreaded consequences of their words or actions. My experience is that they are most dangerous witnesses in courts of justice, not because they are actuated by some sinister design, as an adult may be ; but because they are at once timid and imaginative. Imagination is ready at hand to invent a mode of escape for Fear to pass out. A little tiny girl, not able to read, was seated before a fire with a large Bible in her hand, and was overheard reading, “And I heard a voice from Heaven saying, ‘Mother, give me your child and I will cast

it into Hell fire.' But the mother said, 'Not so, God, for I have a little fire of my own, and I will put my child into that.'" But another little child refused to be tempted to become a hypocrite; for, being told by her aunt that she must be very unhappy because she had not been good, she replied in high glee, "Oh no, bad and happy, bad and happy!"

Shortly after I had ordered our cat's kittens to be destroyed I overheard one of my boys (then I suppose about four years old) talking to the cat in most pathetic voice, "Did they take its kittens from it, then, a poor little pussy; did they drown its little kittens then?" Suddenly (whether the cat tried to scratch him, or whether a sudden impulse of viciousness possessed him, I know not, but) the voice became harsh and strident, "They're all dead and buried, Missus, What do you think of that?" A woman in the Midland counties was summoned for not sending Tommy to the Board schools. "I do send him," said the mother, "and he comes home and says he has been to school, and tells me what the teacher has said; but I find afterwards that he has never been there at all. He be such a 'nypcrout,' he be." Topsy, in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, having stolen some ribbon and gloves, and having denied the theft, was solemnly warned by Miss Ophelia, that she ought always to confess, when she had done anything wrong. Accordingly a short time afterwards she confessed that she had stolen Miss Eva's coral necklace; but, Miss Eva coming in at that moment with the necklace on her neck, Topsy is asked by Miss Ophelia what she meant by saying she had stolen it; and she replies,

“Why, Missus said I must ’fess, and I couldn’t think of nothing else to ’fess.” Upon being sternly told “That’s telling a lie, just as much as the other,” she replies, “Laws, now is it !”

This kind of hypocrisy in children being the product of fear will be noticed also in all weak natures, and in many persons of inferior position, as slaves, servants, dependants, etc., and so of tribes or nations which have been long held in subjection.

I am afraid as the children grow older, although perhaps wiser or more cunning, they are no less hypocritical. At school they learn to be hypocritical:

“Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.”

I think we have all known such things as Bohn’s cribs upon the knee, when translating Virgil or Herodotus. The verses about the Heathen Parsee in the Senate House, whose palms contained “what is frequent in palms, that is *dates*,” shows that hypocrisy pursues us to the University ; and, in still later years, I fear, we are no better. An eminent Q.C. who had not read his brief was arguing before a Committee of the House, when he was interrupted by the Chairman: “There is a point which you have not touched upon yet, as to the value of the manorial rights.” “I was coming to that, my lord, immediately.” Then turning to his junior, “What the deuce does he mean? Just look it up and tell me !” In the meantime he blandly continued his argument. No ! I am afraid hypocrisy

is one of those vices which has no natural tendency to diminish with age.

“Thus fares it still in our decay :
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.”

Lying and hypocrisy are undoubtedly akin. Hypocrisy seems to be one of the forms of lying. Both words sound harsh, yet it is certain, as we have seen, that both lying and hypocrisy, in some modified form, are found to be almost essential to the carrying on of civilized life. It seems that the Houyhnhnms had no words in their language to express lying or falsehood, and Gulliver's master, the grey horse, did not know what it meant. He argued thus: “That the use of speech was to make us understand one another, and to receive information of facts. Now, if any one said the thing that was not, these ends were defeated; because I cannot properly be said to understand him, and I am so far from receiving information, that he leaveth me worse in ignorance; for I am led to believe a thing *black* when it is *white* and *short* when it is *long*. And these were all the notions he had concerning that faculty of lying, so perfectly well understood, and so universally practised among human creatures.”

“It asketh a strong wit and a strong heart,” says Lord Bacon, “to know when to tell the truth, and to do it”; and, in another place, he says: “Certainly the ablest men that ever were have had all an openness and frankness of dealing, and a name of certainty

and veracity; but then they were like horses well managed, for they could tell passing well when to stop and turn; and at such times, when they thought the case indeed required dissimulation, if then they used it, it came to pass that the former opinion spread abroad of their good faith, and clearness of dealing made them almost invincible." This could scarcely be said of Napoleon the Third, of whom some wit remarked that he lied so well that you could never be sure that the reverse of what he said was the truth. A traveller at a dinner-party was giving a highly-coloured account of his adventures. One of the guests, observing that his neighbour was not listening, said, "You do not seem to take much interest in the gentleman's travels." "Well, no!" said his neighbour, "I don't. The fact is, you see, I'm a liar myself." Thus the liar frequently overleaps himself, and, like vaulting ambition, "falls on the other." It must be remembered, however, that a mere statement of actual fact may sometimes be in effect a lie, for it is given, and intended to be given, for the purpose of deception; and upon the other hand a lie may sometimes be a truth to the person to whom it is said. "It takes two," said Thoreau, "to speak truth—one to speak and another to hear."

"Honesty is the best policy," as a rule; and, if for no higher reason, it would be well to practise it. It would tend on the whole to our great advantage. And on the whole, what a great waste of time hypocrisy involves. Is anybody taken in by hypocrisy, except perhaps the hypocrite himself? It is very doubtful if, by

exercising the greatest art, you will be able to deceive your fellow men, and it is certain that "you'll have to git up airly if you mean to take in God." Veracity, sincerity, reliability (if there be such a word), produce confidence, respect, and trust, and even admiration and love. If we really *purpose* to be honest and sincere, we shall find that on the whole we shall be able to *be* so. We need not worry ourselves, because from a desire to avoid offence, or to be kind and courteous, or to prevent mischief, we are forced at times to depart from strict matter of fact. We need not fret "like an idle girl that life is dashed with flecks of sin." If we have really satisfied ourselves of the beauty and value of sincerity, and are resolved to cultivate it, I don't think our amiable weaknesses will lead us far wrong.

It is a quality as rare as it is beautiful—that of perfect sincerity, and when it is combined with a loving and tender nature, it produces a character of magic force, of irresistible attraction,

"All minds perforce
Sway to (him) from their orbits as they move,
And girdle (him) with music."

He is surrounded by the love and affection of all good men, whether strong or weak; the current of his life flows more quietly than if it had sought more tortuous and apparently easier channels; he is able, out of the reserve of force which he has accumulated, to restrain the too impetuous, and to strengthen the timid, and he has within him the peace which comes of a good conscience. "Lord, who shall rest upon Thy holy hill? Even he that doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart."

II. CHARACTER.

IF the reader will look at the leaf of a tree and then look at the leaf of a flower or shrub, he will undoubtedly see a great difference. One might say there is as much difference as between a white man and a negro. If he will compare the leaf of an oak with that of an elm, he will still observe a considerable difference. Let us say that it would be like comparing an Englishman and a Frenchman. But, if he will examine at all closely any two leaves upon an oak tree, he will find that they are not alike. So I venture to say no two Englishmen are alike. It is said that no two sheep in a flock are exactly similar, and that the shepherd knows it, although to the casual observer the difference is not apparent. As it is plain no two individuals are physically alike, so it may be said that no two are morally or intellectually alike; and this differentiation is what we call character. Of a man who is easily distinguished from the crowd we say he is a man of character. "Quite a character," is the vulgar expression for an eccentric person. So, also, when we speak of the characters in a play or a novel, we mean that the individuals are distinguished one from another, not merely by their names or titles, but by their distinctive peculiarities of a physical, moral,

or intellectual nature. It is of these peculiarities of character I intend firstly to discourse; secondly, I propose to speak of the drawing of character; and lastly, of the formation of character.

I have said that no two Englishmen are alike. An interesting study might, no doubt, be made of the characteristics of different nations; but I have not sufficient knowledge or experience to enable me to deal with such a subject, and even if I had the power, I should be led too far afield, and be obliged to devote several volumes to the task. I may remark, however, with what complacency we label a whole race with a single phrase, and assume that there is no more to be said as to the national character. Of the Scotch nation we have only to say, "bang went saxpence," and we think that we have exhausted the Scotch character. The Irishman is at once fully portrayed by the expression, "Will any gintleman loike to tread on the teel of my coat?" In Mr. Le Fanu's *Irish Reminiscences*, there is an amusing letter from a true Irishman to his benefactor, who had advanced him some money. The writer is profuse in his gratitude, and enthusiastic upon his chances of repaying the money. He adds in a postscript that he regrets being unable to make any monetary return to his friend at the moment; but he adds, "If there is anybody who has done any injury to your honour or to whom you may be owing any grudge, if your honour would only give me his name and address, it may be I'd be paying him to your satisfaction before I lave the counthry." A Frenchman is a frog-eating kind of a mountebank, and a German eats sausages, and drinks beer, and smokes

for ever. A Russian is covered with furs, and eats tallow candles, and an Italian generally grinds a barrel-organ. The Swiss do nothing but shoot chamois, and the Spaniards do nothing but stab one another. I declare I think an Englishman will rest quite satisfied with these descriptions, and feel proud to think how true they are, and how he, the noble Britisher, differs from the brutal foreigner; who, by the by, in return, very cheerfully labels him as a "god-dam Englishman." Yet there are Scotchmen who are generous, Irishmen who are peaceable, Frenchmen who are sensible, and Germans who are abstemious, and so on. I suspect we generalize much too quickly. It is frequently said of us that we take our pleasures sadly. I wonder whether we have changed since the days when this country was "Merrie England." The French and the Italians seem to be very "gay" while they are holiday-making; but I believe the French at all events are becoming less gay. I suspect that national character, in so far as it is not racial or climatic, is not fixed. Dr. Johnson, at least, said: "There is no permanent national character; it varies according to circumstances. Alexander the Great swept India: now the Turks sweep Greece." Certain broad distinctions, broad and perhaps vague, there may be, which indicate race or difference of climate; but, as I have said, it would require a wider knowledge, and more leisure than I can bring to bear upon the subject, to render any treatment of it either useful or interesting.

Leaving, therefore, the peculiarities of national character in general, and turning to the idiosyncrasies of character in our own country, I notice, in the first

place, that one of the foremost ideas present to the mind when we speak of character, is that of good character or bad character. Thus we speak of the character of a servant, or of a man of high character or low character.

“The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation. That away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.”

“Character” is not, however, the same thing as “reputation.” For a man may have a good or bad character by repute, but his real character may be the reverse of his reputation. It is a very useful thing, no doubt, to have the reputation of a good character. It places a man upon a vantage ground in the midst of his fellow-men, and he may use that reputation for good or evil. So, also, it is a hard thing to struggle against a bad reputation, which places a man at a disadvantage amongst his fellows, even though he may be able and willing to do what is right, or what is for their benefit. But, after all, a good character is more important than a good reputation. There was an American senator, who had been frequently accused of flagitious conduct; but, when he was slandered or libelled, he declined to take action against the offender. “I always,” he said, “relied on my reputation, and I found it quite sufficient to carry me through. At last some outrageous scoundrel accused me of a very gross delinquency, and my friends came to me and said, ‘Now, General, this will *not* do; you must bring an action against this fellow.’ I did so, and he justified

the libel, and proved the truth of it up to the hilt, and I had to pay the costs. And ever since then I have resolved to *rely upon my reputation.*" Character therefore is a very different thing from reputation.

What makes a good character or a bad character must vary very much with the times or circumstances. Even the question, Who is a "good man" or a "bad man"? is very difficult to answer. No man is good absolutely or bad absolutely. He is only good or bad relatively, and in truth every man is partly good and partly bad. This always perplexes children very much. After telling them of some renowned character, Julius Caesar, Coriolanus, Henry the Fifth, Napoleon, the question at the end of the story would be, "Well, but father, was he a good man?" It is impossible to answer the question. The man was a mixed character as all men are, though in some men "the elements are kindlier mixed" than in others. Nor is the character capable of being split into two, as in the cases of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, or in the case of the familiar nursery rhyme—

"There was once a little girl, and she had a little curl,
Right in the middle of her forehead,
When she was good, she was very, very good,
But when she was bad she was horrid."

It is true there are some people who are so entirely amiable as to bring ruin upon themselves and many connected with them; others so constantly ill-tempered as to make everybody about them thoroughly miserable. Some persons are so generous as to be always giving, others so parsimonious as to be always saving, and so on. But the majority of men are

neither very amiable nor very ill-tempered, neither very generous nor yet very stingy. This mixed character has a tendency by a sort of natural selection to become the predominating species, and the strongly marked character has a tendency to disappear :

“For, ground in yonder social mill,
We rub each other's angles down,
And merge (he said) in form and gloss,
The picturesque of man and man.”

Now that the School Board teacher is in full force there will be still less hope of the survival of original character. One marked sign of the dying out of originality in character is to be seen in the pages of *Punch*. In the days of John Leech, the pictures, and the letterpress at the foot of the pictures, were redolent of originality of dress, manner, speech, and inner character. The gutter child, the street urchin, the “bus” man, the dustman, the huntsman, the coster, the yokel, the farmer, were all there as types of special character. They are all now very much like other people ; and *Punch* has recourse for his mirth to the absurdities of fashionable life, and the playfulness of ingenious and gentle satire. In the poem of the “Northern Farmer,” Tennyson has preserved for ever a remembrance of a character, which will soon be as extinct as the Dodo ; and in his “Modern Farmer” you may see the gradual process of elimination beginning.

Notwithstanding this tendency towards similarity, there are specimens of character which are still extant among us. There is the uniformly pleasant man (the man you always like to meet), who makes a dinner, or a picnic, or a funeral, or a wedding breakfast go off

well. He is quite a blessing to society. He is not very deep to be sure, nor very interesting :

“ Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.”

Then there is the rather austere man, who is somewhat angular and unsympathetic, who tells you of your faults, and is bent upon improving your character and conduct. You respect him very much when he is at a distance, but you don't care to have him constantly about you. Then there is the shy and nervous man, who is so difficult to approach ; and the gushing man, who flings himself into your arms. There is also the aggressive man, who will never let you alone, who is full of conceit and self-assertion :

“ I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark.”

And there is the contradictory man, who is not perhaps easily distinguished from the aggressive man, except that he does not mean to be at all offensive, but he has a habit of contradiction. A gentleman meeting Mr. Justice Blackburn said, “ It's a fine day, my lord.” “ Weel,” said his lordship, “ ye may say so, perhaps ; for I don't think I can preceesly contradict ye.” Then there is the prosy man, who explains everything at great length, and tells long stories,

“ Where wilds immeasurable spread
Seem lengthening as you go,”

and you are always hoping there is going to be a point at last. You think it is coming, and you begin to smile in anticipation ; alas ! the chance has passed

away, and you are in the wood again. Then there is the very funny man, who tells strings of long stories always in the same order, because, so unfortunately, each one in turn reminds him of the next. Very much like him (but don't ask both to dinner on the same day) is the man who jokes and makes puns, in season and out of season; and asks you twenty riddles of perfectly frantic stupidity. It is doubtful which sort of person is most objectionable: the one, who with blustering cordiality slaps you on the back, and calls you by your Christian name; or the man, who holds out one cold finger, and smiles in a sickly manner when you greet him; the one who carries off your venison before your very face,

“An underbred fine-spoken fellow was he,
Who smiled as he looked at the venison and me”;

or the other, who,

“Leisurely tapping a glossy boot,
And curling a contumelious lip,
Gorgonized me from head to foot
With a stony British stare.”

There are some men, and more women, who can never have sufficient admiration or attention paid to them. Either the whole town, or at least the whole room, must be listening to them or looking at them; and they are greenly jealous of anybody who seems to endanger their supremacy. On the other hand, there are those who can't bear to be noticed, and are always hiding themselves behind others, and whose diffidence is often most inconvenient to their friends. Some men, without being diffident, are silent and thoughtful, and

difficult to get on with ; while some men, and many women, there are, as Dryden says,

“ Who think too little and who talk too much ” ;

or as Pope has it,

“ No thought advances, but their eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.”

Then there are some men who are so excessively punctual or methodical, that they irritate one at every turn ; one is no longer a free man if one lives with them. And there is their contrast, the man who always keeps every one waiting, and whose carelessness interferes with every one's plans, allows dinner to get cold, or makes his friend late for his train.

These are a few striking characteristics which have occurred to me, and, no doubt, I might go on collecting these specimens until my museum was quite full.

Some distinguishing characteristics are often to be observed in persons pursuing similar occupations in life. Frequently a man's occupation can be inferred from his external appearance. I do not mean that there are trades or occupations which necessitate a particular costume, or absolutely of necessity mark a man in any way, as, for instance, a sweep or a miller ; but that men, who follow particular lines of life, acquire a peculiar mode of dress or of manners by which you can often distinguish them :

“ Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire ;
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar ;
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold and brave ;
Will sneaks a scriv'ner, and exceeding knave.”

Of course on the stage the squire boasts, the tradesman

cringes, the soldier struts, the lawyer sneaks. But am I wrong in thinking that the stockbroker may be known by his somewhat jovial manner, and by the expensive orchid in his button hole; the merchant by his rather ponderous gravity and eminently respectable appearance; the barrister by his very seedy grey trousers and unbrushed hat and coat, and his little black bag; the solicitor by the slowness and caution of his steps, and generally careworn appearance. Are these notions fanciful? We can, it is true, easily call to mind single instances which will not fall within the general description; but, as a rule, men are in some sort marked by their trade or profession. It is said that "the tailor makes the man," or, as Shakespeare has it, "the apparel oft betrays the man"; and no doubt many men owe much to their costume. One day returning from Quarter Sessions, having taken off our wigs and gowns, we were standing on the platform of a small railway station surrounding our respected leader, Mr. Flowers, when a thief, whom he had just rescued from the law, came up to him, and said in tones of surprise and disappointment, "Eh, Muster Flowers, ye bay but a meyen looking mon wi'out your wig and goon."

That indications of internal character may be seen in the movements of the outward frame is certainly very evident. The face, of course, with its wonderful play of feature, is the principal indicator; but Lavater has said that "actions, looks, words, steps disclose a man's real character." Clough says of the 'prentice lad's sweetheart in "Kensington Gardens,"

" Her step, her very gown betrays
What in her eyes were seen."

And when in Tennyson's "Sea Dreams" the city clerk tells how the unctuous scoundrel had left him and was moving away through the crowd, he

"Read rascal in the motions of his back,
And scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee."

Dress is not only an indication of character, but, I believe, it affects character. A man who dresses untidily will become more and more untidy in consequence; on the other hand, a man who dresses well will take care of his clothes; and will thus acquire smartness of manner, and decorum. I have known some country gentlemen who have delighted to dress themselves like gardeners or common labourers. Old Sir Peter Crawley was a squire of this sort. There is a well-known story of a noble lord weeding the road outside his own park gates, and being rewarded with a sixpence by a tourist who asked him the way. Mr. Overend, Q.C., told me that he was once invited to stay with some great folks in Nottinghamshire; and, as he arrived early, he went out into the grounds, as his hosts were not returned. There he met the nurse, wheeling the newly-arrived infant in a perambulator. Being very fond of children he chatted with the nurse about the baby for some time, and, on parting, he gave her a half-crown. He then went to his bedroom, read some briefs, wrote some letters, dressed, and descended to the drawing room. His host advanced to welcome him, and to introduce his wife; but the lady anticipated him. "How do you do, Mr. Overend, we have met before I think. Allow me to return you your half-crown." The dress, apparently, made all the

difference; although, perhaps, the learned counsel was a good deal misled by the perambulator.

Characteristics more frequently exhibit themselves in times of excitement, when a man is less upon his guard, than in quiet moments. The ruling passion is apt to escape control at such times; and persons, under such circumstances, fall back into their natural language and manners. A magistrate, especially a Metropolitan magistrate, has a very full opportunity of studying varieties of character. He has more opportunities than a judge of the High Court, for before any case can come before the High Court a very considerable time has elapsed since the cause arose,—the passions have had time to cool, the wounds to heal, and the reason to arrange in a calm and collected manner the expressions of the will or feeling with respect to the matter in hand. But when the case is brought before the magistrate the bloom, if one may say so, is still fresh upon the fruit. Many things in a Police Court are so unutterably sad, or so horrible, that I marvel how people, who are not compelled to listen, can take such pleasure in the detail. But there are incidents in such courts which afford amusement. The behaviour of the prisoner or defendant is often curious to notice. The effect of a charge upon one man is entirely different to the effect of a similar charge upon another. By long practice one can generally guess, by the demeanour of a prisoner, whether he is guilty or not; though it would, of course, be unsafe, as well as improper, to act upon such a guess. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that a bold and violent declaration of innocence is at all indicative of integrity,

or that tears and a downcast look are indications of guilt. But if the prisoners are interesting, the witnesses are often more so. Human nature asserts itself strongly in the witness box. Pride, anger, vindictiveness, conceit, impudence, kindness, generosity, nervousness, awkwardness, obstinacy,—some or all of these are constantly in the witness box. Most witnesses think it necessary to make a display of some sort, to pose as something wonderful. Sometimes they use long words, which they do not use at home. Thus a policeman said that the charge against the defendant was that he was “drunk and obstropolous”; and on being asked how the defendant was “obstropolous,” he replied that he was “gestulating with a poker.” A woman stated that her husband had been guilty of “immemoriality,” and that his saying that she was in the habit of drinking was all a “concoction.” Sometimes in their excitement they soar upon the wings of Fancy: “With that, my worship, I’ll tell you what she doos. She doos no more, but she ups with the poker, and deliberately flies at me like a tiger.” To which the prisoner replies: “May God forgive you, Mrs. Jones, you wicked woman, and I hope he will, for you wasn’t there.” Some witnesses cannot stand cross-examination. The moment the counsel for the opposite side rises to cross-examine you can see the witness’s back begin to bristle. On a charge of embezzlement, when I was practising at the Bar, I had only asked the prosecutor one or two harmless questions, and then I asked quite naturally, “Have you brought your trade books?” He eyed me slowly from head to foot, and back again; and then said with supreme contempt,

“No, you d——d little fool.” “Answer the learned counsel’s question, sir,” said the judge, “Have you brought the books?” The witness, angrily, “Are you a hinterrogating of me, or is that d——d little black-guard?” The judge, sternly, “If you don’t answer the question I shall commit you to prison.” “Commit away!” said the witness. The counsel for the prosecution then retired from the case, and the prisoner was discharged.

Idiosyncrasies of character have their inconveniences, no doubt, but if we were all alike we should be very dull. We have most of us loved many men and many women all the better for some of their foibles. Those whom we have had as friends, but who have passed away from us—how often their little tricks and habits will recur to our memories with a tender recollection, immediately suggesting to our minds how good and noble they were in the main, notwithstanding their little oddities. We may have been vexed by them and their ways at the time, but now we think kindly of both.

“Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball ;
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all ;—
In short so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wished him full ten times a day at Old Nick ;
But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we’ve wished to have Dick back again.”

We do not love people less for their eccentricities, nay, we like them the better for them ; but odd ways and eccentric habits are inconvenient, and this is why society, as a whole, sets its face against them, and would mould all people to one particular shape or pattern.

Respecting the characters of women I will say but little, for I am afraid I am not skilful enough to deal with the subject successfully. Pope said,

“Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
Most women have no characters at all”;

and he then proceeds to give a series of the most graphic and pointed characters of women, probably more spiteful than just. He finishes his essay by describing what I suppose he meant for a perfect woman :

“Oh, blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day ;
She, who can love a sister’s charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear ;
She, who ne’er answers till her husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules ;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys ;
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille ;
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself, though china fall.”

This, after all, is very cynical, and one would say the man who wrote it had no high ideal of what a woman might or should be ; but when we remember his touching lines about his mother, and learn what a good son he was, we can afford to smile at the satirist’s jokes. I much, however, prefer Sir Walter’s hackneyed lines :

“Oh, woman, in our hour of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please ;--
When pain or anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou !”

We expect a woman to be good and beautiful ; and, if she is not so, we feel a sense of disappointment. Hence, perhaps, arises the notion that, if a woman is bad, she is far worse than any man.

“For men at most differ as Heaven and Earth,
But women, worst and best, as Heaven and Hell” ;

or, as I have read somewhere, “There is nothing on earth so merciful as a good woman, or so pitiless as a bad one.” One great difficulty in discovering the true character of a woman is that she is well practised in the art of dissimulation. This art enables her to avoid singularity. A woman may have plenty of character (be the same good or bad), but she does not frequently indulge openly in characteristics. She behaves, dresses, moves, walks, and talks in the fashion. It is the same whether she be rich or poor, high or low, she takes her cue from the rest of her sex with whom she comes in contact. Most men are eccentric, but very few women. They are, it is true, changeable and variable. They may sport in a circle, but it is a small one ; and they scarcely ever travel out of it. When Sam Weller wrote to his sweetheart he said : “Afore I see you I thought all women was alike.” “So they are,” observed the elder Weller, parenthetically. But on another occasion he said, “Widders is an exception to every rule.” Thus we have one class of authorities assuring us that one woman differs from another as heaven from hell, and another class telling us that women are all alike.

To turn to another very interesting topic, viz., the drawing of character, whether real or fictional ; it is

undoubted that almost every one becomes keenly interested in a well-drawn character. The historian, the poet, or the novelist, however deftly he may marshal his facts, or exhibit the charms of his fancy, or the intricacies of an exciting plot, yet, if he cannot draw a good character, will make a dull book. If we are not made to see the actors, we care very little about the action; and yet, what a difficult task it must be to draw a character! In the first place, before you take up the pen or pencil to draw the character for others, you must yourself have formed a true notion of it. How difficult it is to find out what a person's character really is! It is always so complex, so different in light or in shade, so variable with circumstance or place. Froude says, "To appreciate any man with complete accuracy is impossible. To appreciate him even proximately is extremely difficult." It is only by careful watching from day to day that we can arrive at a thorough appreciation of character. How often some trait, some strong feeling or taste, may apparently lie dormant, and be only discovered, even by the individual himself, in consequence of some sudden or unforeseen event. A man, whom we have known for years as a perfectly amiable gentleman, may suddenly display almost a frenzy of passion; a man, whom we have regarded as quite unemotional, will suddenly burst into tears. Also persons do not display the same characteristics under different circumstances. In a large company one man will be gay, while he is dull when only one or two persons are present; another man will be dull in a large company, but lively enough with a quiet friend.

“ In war was never lion raged more fierce ;
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild.”

Or again,

“ Oh, had you marked her in her softer hour,
Her fairy form with more than female grace !
Scarce would you deem, that Saragoza's tower
Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase.”

So, too, the harsh employer of labour, or the stern judge, is the henpecked husband at home ; or the tyrant at home is the obsequious servant of some one, under whom he has to perform his duties abroad. The man, who is such a smart and energetic man of business in the city all day, is he frightfully sleepy at his club or at home in the evening ? The man, who is so pleasant and lively in the evening, does he get up with a headache in the morning, and growl at his valet because his shoes are not put before the fire ? To find out a man's real character a committee of three persons should be appointed : some one who does business with him during the day, some one who consorts with him in his times of relaxation, and a domestic servant—if possible a valet. In Sir Frederick Pollock's *Reminiscences* there is told a story of a housemaid, who described the guests who had just left her master's house. She said : “ They were all very different, especially as regards their baths. The Archbishop, he always took a bath Sundays and week-days. The Bishop, he took his bath every day except Sundays. But the Dean, he never took nothing but a wet towel.” Truly no man is a hero to his valet. Major Pendennis, smiling at one of Lady Rockminster's

routs, was not the same man as Major Pendennis swearing at Morgan when he got home.

How very few of us can even imperfectly gauge our own characters. “*γνώθι σεαυτὸν*” is the rule we should strive to obey; but how few, if any of us, know ourselves. How constantly we receive rather a startling revelation of a new trait in our characters. Sometimes our friends know us better than we know ourselves. One Dr. Grant of Edinburgh once said of a most conscientious, and even saintly man, “He tells me that, when there is to be a division in the Presbytery, he casts aside all bias, and prays God to guide him right. I have no doubt he does exactly as he says he does. But all the same I can always tell beforehand how he will vote.” His friend evidently knew him better than he knew himself.

It is said “*In vino veritas*,” and if you drink with a man you will get at his real character; but I doubt it. The real nature of the man is a good deal qualified, or distorted, by the alcohol. I should rather prefer to smoke a pipe with a man in order to come to know him. Behind the curling clouds of tobacco smoke the shyest man will not shun to display something of his real feelings to his companion.

If, then, it is so difficult to know the characters of ourselves and others, how much more difficult it must be to portray them fully and vividly to others; and can we be surprised to find that authors or painters will often make a very different representation of the same person. Was Henry VIII. the prototype of Blue Beard, or was he the wise and loving guardian of his people, as Froude draws him? Is Froude’s “Mary

Queen of Scots" or Sir Walter's the true Mary? Is Shakespeare's "Richard of Gloucester" or Lord Lytton's the best likeness of the man? Was Lord Bacon "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind"? Was Lord Chesterfield only a purist in disguise? Macaulay calls Oliver Cromwell the greatest prince that ever ruled in Europe; Carlyle makes him a god; but Hume, on the other hand, says he was "a criminal whose atrocious violation of social duty had, from every tribunal human and divine, merited the severest vengeance." And Clarendon says that "he had committed many crimes against which damnation is denounced and for which Hell-fire is prepared."

Depend upon it, it is a very difficult thing to draw a character at all, and still more difficult to draw a true one. No doubt some people are easily pleased. You constantly hear people say that such and such a character is well drawn, when in point of fact it is hardly drawn at all. Most of us can remember—I think it was on the occasion of a visit by Miss Montflather's Seminary for Young Ladies to Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks—there were, unfortunately, effigies of Lord Byron and Grimaldi the Clown in Mrs. Jarley's show; but it was decided that by a slight alteration of the collars the effigy of Grimaldi might be easily turned into Lindley Murray, and the effigy of Byron dressed in female attire and labelled "Mary Queen of Scots," would complete the propriety of the exhibition.

Something more than this however is required to make the drawing of a character life-like and interesting. A writer who seeks to draw a character, either real or fictional, may do so in different ways. To

complete his portrait he should describe his moral and intellectual, as well as his physical nature. Some writers are more apt in describing the one, and some in portraying the other. Some writers describe a man from the outside to the inside, others from the inside to the outside. Dickens, for instance, draws a picture of the external appearance of a man or woman, and infers in some degree his or her character from that description. Mr. Pickwick's beaming face, spectacles, and gaiters, Mr. Pecksniff's snuffle, Mr. Carker's teeth, Mrs. Gamp's umbrella, Mr. Macawber's coat tails, Squeers' squint, Tilly Slowboy's under garments, the Shepherd's red nose, can at once be recalled to memory; but there is, in Dickens, scarcely any attempt to analyze character or to pursue conflicting motives, desires, and actions to their sources. Both Carlyle and Scott draw very much from the outside; but, having done so, they both of them proceed generally to penetrate into the inward recesses of the man's nature. Thackeray, on the other hand, draws from the inside to the outside. He dissects his subject, and cuts him up into little bits. After that, he may sometimes attempt to show you his clothes, or appearance; but you never arrive at any distinct portrait of the outer man; and his own illustrations to his own books show how deficient he was in portraying external characteristics. Macaulay, in his slashing way, discoursed about the characters in his History or his Essays; and Browning, in his jerky fashion, keeps diving down to the depths of his characters, and bringing up fragments thereof. I am not sure whether any one can thoroughly impress us with a vivid insight into character merely by dis-

coursing about it. Perhaps *Plutarch's Lives* contain as good instances of character drawing of this sort as one can find anywhere.

It seems to me that there are very few historical personages whom we can rightly be said to know. Some of them seem to stand out from their fellow-men with tolerable distinctness. But there are crowds of names in history which are merely names to us, and nothing more. The same remark seems to me to hold good with regard to characters in fiction: there are very few whom we seem really to know, and identify. Uncle Toby, Pickwick, Sam Weller, Colonel Newcome, Becky Sharpe, Diana Vernon, Balfour of Burley—I could name more whom I think I know well. But there are thousands of characters in fiction who are no characters at all. There is often scarcely any effort made to differentiate them from others; they are mere pegs upon which to hang a story. Some of Shakespeare's characters are shadows; but many stand out with a distinct vividness which is quite unapproached by any other artist. They are the more marvellous because, being figures in a drama, they are, in general, nowhere described either bodily, morally, or mentally; but so vividly do they impress themselves upon the reader's mind, that it generally happens that, when the reader sees them for the first time on the stage, he is disappointed to find the representation less vivid than his own conception. From their own words and actions we acquire a complete knowledge of their characters.

However imperfect may be the attempts made by historians, biographers, poets, or essayists, to reproduce

for us the manners, customs, appearance, modes of living, thinking, and acting, of those who are gone, yet we ought to be grateful for their labours, for they enable us to see enough to fill us with a profound human interest, carrying us out of our temporary surroundings, and elevating us to the conception of different, and often higher, ideals. What splendid pictures have been drawn of the old Elizabethan worthies! The polished warrior, the poetical navigator, the courtly freebooter, the elegant statesman, the learned and witty saint—many-sided marvels of men! It would seem that under the two first Stuarts the type of the Elizabethan hero was split in two—one strain going to compose the dandified Cavalier, and the other to display itself in the coarse and vigorous Puritan. Of both of these how many vivid portraits we possess. After some years the two strains seem again to unite. The folly and vanity of the Cavalier strain has exhausted itself during the reigns of the two last Stuarts, and the Puritan strain has also lost its power under the mild sway of William. There has risen a race of men craving for the refined gaiety which civilized life can afford, but with a strong belief in the moral obligation of the human soul. Thus we have Johnson, Addison, Burke, Swift, Steele, Goldsmith, Pope, Parnell, Gay, Fielding, Richardson, and many others, all insisting on the nobler life without disdaining the attractive pleasures of existence. What portraits we have of these men in their own writings, and in the writings of such men as Macaulay, Thackeray, Boswell, and others; more recently, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Courthope, and Mr. Austin Dobson. Of the characters of men nearer our own time the interest is

unflagging and the materials seem inexhaustible : Scott, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Wellington, Nelson, and a great number of others. It would be impossible fairly to illustrate this part of the subject. Any attempt to select any portion of a biographical, historical, or fictional description of a character would seem impossible amid such an endless variety and wealth of subjects. Leaving out Shakespeare, I might quote from Chaucer's Parson, Milton's Belial, Dryden's Achitophel, Pope's Addison, Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, Macaulay's William the Third, Carlyle's Robespierre, Scott's Antiquary, Southey's Wesley, Stanley's Arnold, and a host of others ; and it might be interesting and instructive to watch the different handling of his brush by each artist. But I will only take one slight sketch which seems to me so graphic that one can almost see the young man enter the room and leave it, having completely displayed the whole stock of his very small character.

George, third Earl of Orford, is thus described by Horace Walpole. "To speak freely to you, sir, he is the most particular young man I ever saw. No man ever felt such a disposition to love another as mine to him ; I flattered myself that he would restore some lustre to our house, at least, not let it totally sink ; but I am forced to give him up and all my Walpole-views. I will describe him to you if I can, but don't let it pass your lips. His figure is charming ; he has more of the easy genuine air of a man of quality than ever you saw : though he has a little hesitation in his speech, his address and manner are the most engaging imaginable ; he has a good breeding and attention

when he is with you that is even flattering; you think he not only means to please, but designs to do everything that shall please you; he promises, offers everything one can wish—but this is all; the instant he leaves you, you, all the world are nothing to him—he would not give himself the least trouble in the world to give anybody the greatest satisfaction. Yet this is mere indolence of mind, not of body; his whole pleasure is outrageous exercise. Everything he promises to please you, is to cheat the present moment, and hush any complaint—I mean of words; letters he never answers, not of business, not of his own business; engagements of no sort he ever keeps. He is the most selfish man in the world without being the least interested; he loves nobody but himself, yet he neglects every view of fortune and ambition. He has not only always slighted his mother, but he was scarce decent to his rich old grandmother, when she had not a year to live, and courted him to receive her favours. You will ask me what passions he has; none but of parade—he drinks without inclination, games without attention, is immeasurably obstinate, yet, like obstinate people, governed as a child. In short, it is impossible not to love him when one sees him; impossible to esteem him when one thinks of him!”

There is another mode of portraying character, and that is by using the art of the actor. The actor takes what has been written for him of the character, and he illustrates it. Perhaps he fails fully to realize the picture, or perhaps he adds to the writer's picture some touches of his own. Sometimes by adding to the subject he obscures the character; but sometimes he

completes by his action what the words have left vague and undefined. Actors are able to impress a more vivid and lasting impression on the mind of the spectator than the writer can produce upon the reader. There is too much in acting of the present day of always remembering the audience, and frequently forgetting the character. This destroys the illusion, and makes the character indistinct. There has been a habit growing up of late of taking some well-known character, say, of Shakespeare, Goldsmith, or Sheridan, and entirely upsetting the received notions about it. This must be a mistake, or the character must be very badly drawn by the author, if one actor represents it as an angel of light and another as the demon of wickedness. If Irving's Shylock and Miss Terry's Lady Macbeth are like what Shakespeare meant, then the Kembles and Keans and Helen Faucit and others must have very much mistaken his meaning, or we must be forced to say that Shakespeare drew the characters so badly that you can scarcely tell what he meant.

The characters of men and women may also be drawn by the painters. The dress, manners, and customs of the age are preserved for us by them. The passions and the feelings can also be portrayed in more or less force. But this mode of drawing character is subject to very obvious limitations. There can be no play of feelings, no changes, no real life about a picture. But, in the expression of one passion or feeling, the artist has the advantage not only of arresting the mind of the gazer, but of riveting it. We can gaze upon a Raphael till we become rapt in the

saintly vision ; we can wonder at the stately gentlemen of Vandyck till we may fancy we can hear them speaking to us ; the burly old burgomasters live again in the pictures of Rembrandt ; and the graceful ladies of the Georgian era flow to meet us from the canvas of Sir Joshua. But it is obvious that this mode of portraying character has limitations. By the art of painting or drawing, the characteristics of country, time, manners, and customs are preserved for us, and that in a way more clear and emphatic than any words can express ; but here again the art is limited, for there is no motion. What will the figures do next—what will happen ? There they remain in the same attitudes and with the same expression for ever. One of my children after watching me hanging up an engraving of Millais' Huguenot, and still gazing at it after it was fixed, said, "I say, father, that man is a very long time before he kisses that lady." Yes, it is true ; and we can only fill in what follows from our own imagination, or from writers like Heyman, who tell us of the fearful slaughter of St. Bartholomew's Day.

I come now to my last heading : *The Formation of Character*. I suppose the formation of character may be said to be the result of two forces : one, that which is born in us, and the other, that which comes from without. It has been the fashion lately to discourse much upon "heredity," and we are told that our characters are such as our forebears have made them ; and that, as a consequence, we are absolved of all delinquencies, and are under no moral obligations. "It may be true," say this modern school, "that scrofula, gout, and mad-

ness are eating our race away, and that ill-temper, sensuality, and low tastes are prevalent among us ; but after all, as we did not make ourselves, we are not responsible for what the Fates have done for us." This is the modern doctrine. On the other hand, Lord Bacon and Locke seemed to be of quite the contrary opinion. According to them we may become what we choose by education. There is no deficiency which may not be filled up, no passion which may not be subdued, no taste which may not be destroyed or cultivated at the will of the individual. The circumstances, the surroundings, will, of course, have effect in the moulding of character ; but these are only another name for education, and are indeed, in a great measure, a question of choice in most cases. Allowing that we derive from our ancestors strong tendencies and powers, yet these are constantly checked or encouraged by what we may term education, that is, all outside forces acting upon us. If these are rightly ordered, we may "slowly form the surer mind"; if they are not rightly ordered the good or bad tendencies bequeathed to us may be increased or diminished by what we must term chance.

This referring of all our virtues or vices to our Maker may at first sight appear to be pious. When Topsy was asked who made her, she said, "Don't know, specs I growed," which seems to be a more healthy view. The bad passions of the animal may be born in us ; but we may, and ought to

" Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die."

However much we may thank God for such virtues as

we possess, I very much doubt the usefulness of attributing our vices to Providence. It is a feeble and shuffling excuse. A boy came to one of his masters one day, and said, "If you please, sir, I am sorry to say that I fear I have a very weak will." This was discounting any wickedness beforehand. Probably the birch rod might have been found to be a great strengthener to the moral fibre of this feeble saint.

Goethe was an interesting character; perhaps a good deal that was characteristic about him was due to heredity; but what marvellous pains he seems to have taken to rear up his soul, mind, and body in the way they should go. Surely there are many "mute inglorious Miltons" born into the world who come to nothing; and surely there are many dull boys and girls who grow up into able and accomplished adults. It is quite common experience that boys may be dull till some time after leaving the University; yet they afterwards rise to places of great distinction, and wear their blushing honours thick upon them. It is education which produces the change. It is the force of outward circumstances which is moulding the character. On the other hand there may be great promise in youth, but how often nothing comes of it. The force of outward circumstances,—the frost, the blight, the storms,—has crushed the promised fruit. There was a noble beginning, but untoward facts have brought about a loss. A small boy was asked in an examination to write an essay on a horse, and he wrote, "The horse is a noble animal; but if treated unkindly he will not do so," and it is certainly true that unkindness is very likely to prevent the growth of genius.

It should be borne in mind, however, that it is not always the circumstances we think most propitious which are really so ; for very frequently adverse circumstances will call forth unwonted energy, and so improve the character. So Scotchmen make the best gardeners and farmers, because their cold climate and barren soil call forth all their industry and ingenuity. Even Dr. Johnson admitted that the Scotch were good gardeners ; but, of course, he could not let the Scotch off without a gibe, so he mockingly asked, "Tell me, Sir, have any of your countrymen succeeded in bringing the sloe to perfection." Not only are the Scotch good gardeners, but they are always first, where shrewd sense and hard work can win the day. This excellence may in some degree be due to a harsh but invigorating climate. Certainly, the inhabitants of warm and fertile lands are often idle and unenterprising. But, I suppose, that, although adverse circumstances may evolve very noble qualities, yet, in their course, they will leave a blot or mark behind them. I am sure this may be noticed in the biographies of many great men. No one, I think, can read the life of Ruskin, or of Mill, without perceiving that the mature man bore traces of the hard bringing up.

The effects of education and habits come very plainly to the surface, when a man is thrown suddenly into the company of persons differing in habit and taste from himself, though of the same social rank. Think of John Stuart Mill, or the Archbishop of Canterbury, among a festive company of artists and journalists ! Fancy Keats, or Matthew Arnold, at a dinner with a dozen stockbrokers ! Sir Egerton Brydges seems to

have been a man of a highly sensitive and diffident nature, and endowed with all the vanity and petulance of the poet. After living a secluded and scholarly life, he was suddenly thrown into the midst of the Kentish nobility and squirearchy, and his character clashed violently with the mental attitude of those around him. He says in his *Autobiography*: "I could not talk of sheep or bullocks, examine a horse's mouth, or discuss his points. I could not tell what wind would give a good scenting day; nor what course the fox would probably take when he broke cover. If I attempted a joke no one felt it; and if I made an observation everyone stared. I dared not mention a book, or enter into a political argument; if I did, a cant phrase or two of some jolly joker of the company soon put an end to it. I never mixed easily with this class of book-hating squires; and I suppose they attributed my reserve to a contempt for them."

Assuming that character is mainly formed by education, it seems, nevertheless, very desirable to know what foundation we have to work upon. To know oneself is no easy matter, and it is wonderful what a very little any one can know of another person. This is a subject I have treated of in the earlier part of this paper. One may say, at all events, speaking of children, that children cannot know themselves; and therefore their parents and teachers have to discover, as best they may, what they ought to be taught; that is to say, what are the best influences which can be brought to bear upon them to cultivate what is desirable, or to supply deficiencies. This can only be done by careful watching, except indeed some

doubtful light may be thrown upon the question by phrenology or physiognomy.

We must do the best we can; and then having ascertained what the present character is, what are its good points or its bad points, its excellencies or deficiencies, we must try to supply it with proper food, sustenance, protection, medicine, exercise, etc., just in the same way as we treat our bodies. Now I am not going to deal with the question of education in the sense of schooling. Whether a boy or girl should learn Virgil or Euclid, or twenty different sciences all at once is a matter of detail. I think there is more fuss made about this sort of question than is necessary. What particular sort of book-learning a young person acquires is of comparatively little importance. If, indeed, he or she is to follow (as everyone must do more or less) any special employment, he or she must somehow learn how to perform the duties or work thereof; but, with respect to any study of any kind, it is not so much the thing itself that is valuable, but the method of acquiring it. Whether it be Euclid, or Latin verses, botany, geology, or Chinese; whether it be sewing clothes or making puddings, the question is, Has the student learnt patience, industry, observation, method, pertinacity, truth, courage, memory, insight, noble thoughts, high aspirations? Is he becoming more capable of living a good and useful life? Will he be a better man to himself and his fellow men in consequence of the work he is now doing? The student has laboured to a bad end if he has become peevish, nervous, and unable or unwilling to take his proper part in life. It is not

unknown that a student in some distinct branch of knowledge should not only conceive a distaste for any other study or for any pleasure whatever, but should also tire of the particular branch which he has made his own. Darwin, in his childlike and simple manner, bewails the fact that his intense pursuit of Natural History has destroyed his appreciation of much which he once thought good and beautiful. He says, "Up to the age of thirty, or beyond it, poetry of many kinds, such as the works of Milton, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley, gave me great pleasure, and even as a schoolboy I took great delight in Shakespeare. I have also said that formerly pictures gave me considerable, and music very great delight. But now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry: I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music. . . . My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts; but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. A man with a mind more highly organized or better constituted than mine, would not, I suppose, have thus suffered; and if I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably

to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

As Montaigne says, "We are ever ready to ask 'Hath he any skill in the Greek and Latin tongue? Can he write well? Doth he write prose or verse?' But whether he be grown better or wiser, which should be the chiefest of his drift, that is never spoken of." And again he says in another place, "Except our mind be the better, unless our judgment be the sounder, I had rather my scholar had employed his time in playing at tennis; I am sure his body would be the nimbler." I think in these days we might add, or, still better, cricket or football which not only make the body nimble, but teach courage, fortitude, patience, temper, and habits of obedience and command. Montaigne says in another place, "I would have the exterior demeanour and the disposition of his person to be fashioned together with his mind; for it is not a mind, it is not a body that we erect, but it is a man, and we must not make two parts of him." Cramming an heterogeneous heap of facts and figures into a young brain, without giving it the vivifying tonic of eager interest and enthusiasm, produces merely a dull feeling of confusion and bewilderment. The effect is similar to that produced upon the body by exercise with dumb-bells or trudging diligently along a dull highway, as contrasted with the exercise involved in an exhilarating sport or game. A poor woman once went to the parson's house for some medicine for her good man; and, being asked what was the matter, said, "If you please, sir, the doctor says he be suffering from the *information* in his head." I think a good many young people are in danger now-a-days of falling

victims to this disease. No doubt knowledge is power, or perhaps it might be more correct to say, There is not much power if there is little knowledge. It is of no use, however, to accumulate bricks and mortar, unless you have wit and strength to build. Mere accumulation of facts is useless. Lowell describes a man who had amassed a store of facts.

“ ’Twould be endless to tell you the things that he knew.
Each a separate fact, undeniably true,
But with him or each other they’d nothing to do.”

Far beyond all the facts of all the sciences you can cram into a child’s brain, far beyond all the languages you can teach, or the accomplishments you can bestow upon the child, are the constant influences and forces of life, home-life, school-life, surroundings, friends, neighbours, air, food, exercise, joy, pain, grief, the teachings of example and of nature. These are the things which daily, hourly, momentarily are educating the young character, and forming and moulding it for good or for evil. And these are things which we may in some degree sway to our purposes, if we are fully and earnestly desirous to do so. At every moment, at every pore, we are sucking in “education,” and we should remember that something is always being taken in, and the only question is, shall it be good, wholesome food or not; if not, then we shall eat and drink poison.

To sum up with respect to the formation of character; I have no doubt that much may be done for ourselves, and for others, by a close consideration of what the character is, and what it wants; and by endeavouring to train it, just as the horticulturist trains up a plant. Something has been done for us for good or evil by our ancestors;

something is done for us for good or evil by outward influences, over which we have no control; but even more may be done by watching and cultivating the character.

The real object of life is the formation of a noble character. It is not the acquisition of happiness, nor the escape from pain. The attainment of perfect happiness might be well worth striving for, if it were possible; though, what would be the effect upon a human being of attaining perfect happiness, it is impossible to guess. To most men, at all events, it seems to be more practical to endeavour to escape from pain, to avoid trouble, annoyance, sickness. But, however much it may be advisable or necessary to escape as well as we can from the evils of this life, yet, if we avoid them, we lose the discipline, the fortitude, the sympathy, the kindliness, which pain and suffering teach us. If you are in trouble to whom would you go? To the man who knows from experience what trouble is. If you want sympathy in pain or sickness, would you go to the man who has never been ill, or has never felt pain? I think not. Pain, and grief, and sickness are great educators. "Sweet are the uses of adversity." No, neither present happiness nor the absence of pain are worth troubling about. The real object in life is to acquire, as near as may be, a perfect character; and that, not in regard to outward show or appearance, but in respect of the inner and unseen life. "That is an exquisite life," says Montaigne, "which even in his own privacy keepeth itself in awe and order." So far as a man has attained to this, so far neither joy nor pain can touch him, nor riches nor poverty affect him. But, even so, this is not enough. The noble character affects the whole world. His example, his

influence, his capabilities for good in every way are a blessing to all mankind. It is a fine character that, early in life, marks out his proper course, and adheres to it steadfastly, making the end and aim he has in view a sure loadstar of his path, and swerving neither to the right nor to the left. Though surrounded by the allurements of pleasure, or pressed by the importunities of pain, he avoids the evils they might bring, and rather turns them to account, knowing that resistance brings strength. With all this, the fine character is not hardened to moroseness or mere selfishness, but learns by its own ardent struggling to feel for those who, perhaps, are not so well able to buffet with the waves. His aims, whatever they may be, are unaffected by chances by the way, such as good fortune or ill fortune; therefore, if honours are thrust upon him, he takes them cheerfully if they do not interfere with the main scope of his ideal; if misfortunes come, he only heeds them to avoid the mischief of them. The fine character is equally happy in calm or storm; he is cheerful in the one, and alert in the other. The low character, on the other hand, is dull in a calm, and frightened in a storm. The fine character shines equally in the fierce light which beats upon a throne, or in the dimmest obscurity, where he gleams as a gem of purest ray serene. Still to the last his motto is "Hope on, hope ever"; and whether Fame blows her trumpet before him, or the mists and clouds of oblivion are settling around his path, he is not dazzled by the glory of success, nor dismayed by the seeming disgrace of failure. If he is crowned here it is well; but, if not, he knows that he will be crowned elsewhere:—

"This is the happy warrior, this is he
That every man in arms should wish to be."

THE BURGLARS SERENADED:

A FARCE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOHN CASTLETON, a squire.

RICHARD CASTLETON, his bachelor brother.

HARRY CHESTER, adopted son of Richard Castleton.

JAMES, a gardener.

FIRST BURGLAR.

SECOND BURGLAR.

THIRD BURGLAR.

MRS. CASTLETON, wife to John Castleton.

MISS MAUD CASTLETON, daughter of John Castleton.

SERVANT MAID.

SCENE I. *Room in Mr. RICHARD CASTLETON'S house in the country—window looking out upon garden.*

Richard Castleton (seated in arm-chair—takes up the newspaper). Now for a little quiet. Thank heaven I've got rid of that young scamp, and although he's only just started, still it's a long way to China, so he won't come back in a hurry. Ah, well! I shall begin to want him back again as soon as he's gone, notwith-

standing the life he has led me (*rises*). He has turned my house upside down, and the pony carriage too, laming the pony, confound him, smoked his filthy pipe all over the place, outraged the footman's feelings by kissing the maid, made a hole in my best bin of claret, fallen in love (as he calls it) with Maud (a chit of a thing of 19), had a row about it with her governor (as he calls my respected brother), and lastly, has worried me nearly into my grave by telling me of his heart-broken condition because Maud says she must obey her father. Dear, dear me, I'm nearly driven wild with his pranks. And yet—and yet I can hardly bear to part with him. He would be a sailor—no choice of mine. I own I am quite foolish about him—in love with him, I should guess, if he were a girl—but I have not had that complaint since—since—since—never mind when—a long, long time ago—(*throws himself into arm-chair*), a long, long time ago—like her—very like—a long time (*drops asleep*).

Voice outside. Hullo, dad! I say, dad! Dad, hooray! I'm not gone yet.

Richard Castleton (waking). Hey! What's that—. Confound it (*looks out of window*), why, bless me, here's Harry come back again! Aye, here he comes, knocking the buds off my pet rose trees as he swings along. Now what on earth can have brought the young puppy back, I wonder. Nothing amiss, I hope!

Enter HARRY CHESTER, slaps RICHARD CASTLETON on back, etc., and sits on table.

Harry. Well, here I am again you see, turned up like a bad shilling—Queen's shilling though. Funny,

isn't it? Not gone yet. Ain't you awful glad, just as you thought you'd got rid of me.—But I say, dad, I can't help being glad not to go after all.—Awfully decent you know, eh?

Richard Castleton. Please explain yourself. What has happened? I hope you are not playing the fool. Please be serious. Get off my table to begin with.

Harry. Sorry (*gets off table, upsetting letters and papers*), sorry, sorry, let me pick them up. (*Knock heads.*) Sorry, awfully sorry, you know. (*Picks up papers.*) There, that's right. Now don't be cross, you dear old crab (*throws himself into arm-chair*), accidents will happen even in Her Majesty's Navy.

Richard Castleton. When you are quite comfortably seated, perhaps you will explain.

Harry. Nothing more easy—captain's letters not arrived—ship delayed—doesn't sail till Wednesday—sorry you don't seem pleased—thought you would—I am.

Richard Castleton. My dear lad, when I have made up my mind I don't like being put out at my age. However, it's all for the best, I suppose; but I was having a nap just now, and I should like to finish it.

Harry. All right, dad—don't mind me (*lights cigarette, and takes up newspaper*).

Richard Castleton (choking). Bless me, what's that? Smoking! This is really too bad, Harry. Leave the room, sir! I've told you I will not have your filthy tobacco in my study.

Harry. Beg pardon, sir, I forgot what I was doing. I lighted it without thinking. Wait a bit, there it goes (*throws cigarette out of window*). There, will that please you, sir?

Richard Castleton. No, certainly not—confounded extravagance, I call that. Harry, I wish you would be less thoughtless. Well, I can't have my nap now, so what can I do to help you pass the time. Shall we have the horses out for a ride, or try our luck at fishing, or what?

Harry. No, thank you, dad—but, I say, I can only think of one thing, and that is—what do you think—well, Maud, of course.

Richard Castleton. Tut, tut, my dear boy. You're going away, and have said good-bye for a time.

Harry. Now don't be very cross, that's a dear dad. I want to say "Good-bye" again to Maud.

Richard Castleton. Always Maud, Maud, Maud.

Harry. Yes, "Maud, Maud, Maud; They were crying and calling." Didn't know you knew poetry. Now that's just what I have been thinking of, and I've sent her a note to say I shall come about twelve o'clock to-night to sing "Good-bye" under her window for the last time.

Richard Castleton. Serenade her! What—in her father's house! Good heavens, boy, you are quite mad!

Harry. Oh no, she'll like it, and they'll all be asleep by twelve. We both like singing. She's sure to come to the window.

Richard Castleton. Yes, and her father and mother too. Heaven help him, he's daft!

Harry. Not a bit, dad. Now, look here, you'll lend me your guitar, won't you. You know you never use it now, and I won't hurt it.

Richard Castleton. My guitar! What next I wonder?

Why, I haven't played on it since—well since—since—a long time ago. What a long time it does seem ! I was dreaming when you came in about things a long time ago. Harry, I don't blame you for being in love, and my niece is as dear, good a girl as she is pretty ; but, my dear boy, pray don't go on this wild goose errand. Consider if her father or the servants see or hear you, you may get into some trouble or row or unpleasantness which will ruin your chances, and give us all endless trouble.

Harry. I've thought of that, sir, so I want you to go with me.

Richard Castleton. Well I never ! and at my time of life ! How can you think of such a thing ? Quite absurd, really !

Harry. Well, then I shall go by myself, and I'm sure to get in a row if I do, for I get so excited. Now do go with me, just to make all safe.

Richard Castleton. If you must go, I suppose I must go with you ; but mind, you must sing your song, and come away when I tell you. I won't have any meetings either with Maud, or still worse, with her father.

Harry. Certainly, my dear old dad. By the bye, dad, you said some day you would tell me who my parents were. I've been thinking lately that supposing—(I say supposing, you know, for of course we're too young)—but supposing I wanted to marry Maud, I think I ought to know who I am.

Richard Castleton. My dear boy, I have told you more than once that you have nothing to be ashamed of in your birth, and you might trust me, I think. You will know all about it in good time.

Harry. Yes, but I can't help thinking I ought to know who I really am. Now, dear dad, do tell me. I know I'm an awful plague to you, but I really love you. I can't tell why you keep me here, and are so kind to me, for I am nothing but a worry to you.

Richard Castleton. Ah, Harry, leave me now, leave me, there's a good lad. I have some letters to write. Go and smoke your cigarette in the garden, and I will join you presently. (*Exit HARRY, and Curtain.*)

SCENE II. *Drawing-room in JOHN CASTLETON'S House. Evening.*

MR., MRS., and MISS CASTLETON, *seated.*

Mrs. C. I am afraid you are too tired to sing to us to-night, my dear child.

Maud. Oh, yes, quite tired; besides I have no one to sing with, now Harry is gone.

Mr. C. I did not hear much of singing when he was here—only giggling and whispering.

Maud. Oh, father, I'm sure we never did anything so vulgar! Giggling is shocking, and whispering is not allowed. Perhaps we may have smiled a little, and Harry always speaks gently to me. But, heigh ho, it's all over now. Besides, I've promised not to think of him any more. But I do hate that horrid China, and those dreadful Chinese that live on snails and rats. I know they do. I don't hate the sea, because Harry loves it; but I hate the train to Southampton, with its nasty smoke and whistling. He says he will be back in three years—three years!—it might as well be three hundred!

Mrs. C. Well, not so bad as that, my dear. You young folks are so impatient. We old ones know that three years are gone before we can count them.

Maud. Well, I will sing you a song, mother, but it will be all about Harry—that is, about his ship. You know the one I mean, “Sailing Away,” and then I think I’ll sail away to bed; for oh, I am so sleepy and dull—I wish I was safe in port, and not tossed about with all sorts of troublesome thoughts. (*Goes to piano and sings.*)

SAILING AWAY.

Launched on the waves of a treacherous sea,
Out from the port they sail.
What will the end of their wanderings be?
How will they tell the tale?

Will they come back to us taut and trim—
Sails so gallant and free;
Or with decks all torn and with flags forlorn
Founder far out at sea?

Yo, heave ho! And away they go,
White as the wild sea-bird.
Oh, give them a cheer, as they outward steer,
And a sigh unseen, unheard!

Oh, mother dear, I can’t sing a bit. My voice sounds quite hateful to me.

Mrs. C. Thank you, my dear, it’s very pretty; but I think it is rather trying for you to sing that song just now. Why, I believe you are crying, poor child. There, never mind, go to bed now, and have a good night’s rest, and wake up with fresh roses

in the morning. Good-night. (*Embraces mother and father and is going to door, but is met by the servant who hands her a note.*)

Maid-servant. If you please, miss, it's for you, miss, from Mr. Harry, and marked "Immediate," miss.

Maud. Hush, Alice, give it me. (*Opens letter in front of stage—Mr. and Mrs. C. engaged at work or reading book.*) "My dear, dear, dear, dear,"—Oh, I wish he wouldn't—how tiresome; I want to know what he's writing about.

Maid-servant. Law, miss, I think it's very nice.

Maud. You mustn't listen, Alice, it's very wrong. Well, I'll declare, he says: "I am kept back. Ship will not sail. I shall come and sing at your window again to-night, just to say good-bye, like I did before Christmas, and your father thought it was the Waits. I wonder what he'll think now. You must say it's the midsummer fairies. Good-bye. Your loving Harry." Good gracious, how imprudent of him! Father and mother will be sure to find him out. But it's too late to try and stop him now. I must try and stop his singing before he begins. Dear, dear me, how very vexatious! He must be very much in love, that's certain. Let me see, he begins: "My dear, dear, dear, dearest darling!" Oh, how shocking! I am sure I never gave him leave to call me that.

Maid-servant. Just what I say to Jim, miss; I say: "Jim, you mustn't call me your darling, it's not genteel." He says, "No, I won't call you darling, my darling, except, my darling, when I can't help calling you my darling"—and I think it sounds rather nice, if you please, miss.

Maud. Alice, you're very silly. I am going to my room now. (*Exit, followed by Maid-servant.*)

Mrs. C. I did not like to mention the subject while Maud was in the room; but I have been thinking that it is imprudent to keep so much money in the house.

Mr. C. So I think too; but the fact is I have not been able to bank it. I have received not only my own rents in notes and cash, but also Lord Scamper-down's and Mr. Calthorpe's as well, and a large sum from another party to invest, altogether £5000.

Mrs. C. It is a very serious charge. I hope you will bank the money to-morrow.

Mr. C. Why, of course; but it's no use fretting now. (*Takes up book and begins to read again.*)

Mrs. C. I must say I don't like the looks of our new footman.

Mr. C. Well, my dear, he was your own choice. You said he was such a fine, tall young man, and so respectful. I said from the first I thought he looked like a cut-throat. You fell in love with him at first sight. You know you did;—said he looked like a nobleman.

Mrs. C. Well, my dear, I only said that in joke.

Mr. C. And then you spoil him dreadfully. What on earth did you give him leave of absence for? I particularly wished him to be at home to-night; and now you have told him he may go for three days; and when I came home I found him gone.

Mrs. C. I'm really very sorry. I did not think you would want him.

Mr. C. You womenkind never think. A nice mess you are making of it with that precious adopted boy

of Richard's. My younger brother was always a soft-hearted chap, though a good sort on the whole ; but it's your fault this is, and not his. You'll ruin your child's health and happiness, and we shall end our days in a workhouse, and then I suppose you'll be satisfied. However, you may set your mind at rest—he shall never marry my daughter.

Mrs. C. There, that will do, dear ; there's no occasion to talk about that now. The poor lad's on his way to China.

Mr. C. You must be very fond of your only child to wish to marry her to a beggarly midshipman, the son of nobody knows who—some waif and stray child my brother has picked up—got by charity out of a gutter—a nice breed truly ; and even if my brother left him all his fortune (which I don't believe) he would run through it in six months.

Mrs. C. Pray don't go on so, I can't bear it. It's a mean way and a stingy way of looking at it. I am sure we have money enough for both of them, and Captain Schooner says Harry is sure of promotion, and will make a fine officer. Besides, you know, they need not be married at present.

Mr. C. Pshaw ! He'll be an admiral before the year is out, I dare say, only he won't marry my daughter for all that. (*Rings the bell.*) You women are always matchmaking. You know quite well nothing can come of it ; and yet you risk the young people's happiness and your own for the sake of a little pleasant excitement for the time.

Mrs. C. Well, I think they are very fond of each other ; and Harry is a charming lad, and would make a

good husband. But, never mind, he's gone for the present.

(*Enter Maid-servant.*) Did you ring, sir?

Mr. C. Yes; tell James he must sleep in the house to-night, in William's room. Do you hear what I say, to-night?

Maid-serv. Yes, sir; oh yes, sir. Please sir, I hope there's nothing to fear, sir. We've seen two men about the gate this evening, sir, very rough looking men, and quite strangers, and William being away and all, we've been rather frightened in the servants' hall.

Mr. C. Tramps, I suppose. Never mind—Jim's to sleep in the house; and now we are going to bed.

(*Curtain.*)

SCENE III. *Bedroom in MR. JOHN CASTLETON'S house.*

MR. CASTLETON *in dressing gown and slippers, etc.*

Mr. C. I wonder what keeps my wife so long upstairs. Those women when they get together go on talking till midnight. It's very nearly midnight now. Talking about Harry I'll be bound—a never-failing subject—a love affair, or a baby, or a bonnet will keep their tongues going for ever.

Mrs. C. (knocking at door). My dear, is that you snoring. May I come in?

Mr. C. Yes, come in; I'm not snoring, but I wish I were. (*Enter Mrs. C. also in dressing gown.*) Why are you so late?

Mrs. C. Well, I heard the strangest noise somewhere, I'm sure. I thought you had gone to sleep and were dreaming or snoring. What could it be?

Mr. C. Water in the pipes perhaps, or one of the horses kicking in the stables. (*Sound of glass falling.*)

Mr. C. (jumping up). What's that! That's a broken pane of glass. My dear, there's someone in the house. What shall we do? (*More sound of glass breaking.*) There it is again. They're after the money, depend upon it. I'll hide it—quick, quick, give it to me; it's on the table in a black bag.

Mrs. C. Here it is. Where will you hide it? Under the bed?

Mr. C. No, wait a bit. Give me the other black bag out of the wardrobe. (*Takes notes and gold, and leaves silver and copper only in bag.*)

Mrs. C. Here's the other bag.

Mr. C. (putting notes and gold in other bag). There, I've put the notes and gold in this bag, and the silver and the copper in this bag. (*Sound of a crash on stairs.*) Good heavens, they're coming! (*Puts one bag under bed, and stands with other in his hand behind his back.*)

*Enter Three Burglars. Mr. C. rushes to fire-place,
Mrs. C. to the window.*

First Burglar. Take care of the old gent, Jack. Blowed if he ain't a-looking for the poker like a real game 'un.

Second Burglar. Stand, or I fire. Drop that shovel, governor. (*Shovel dropped; Mrs. C. half-fainting—terrified.*) Now give me that 'ere bag as you're a-trying to hide behind your back in that deceitful manner. No go, old cock! We knows all about yer. There's £6000 if there's a penny in that 'ere bag.

Going to the bank to-morrer, was it? Oh, you grasping old scoundrel! I've a good mind to brain you, I have.

Mrs. C. Help! murder! thieves! murder!

First Burglar. As soon as quite convenient, ma'am, you'll leave off doing that 'ere, for there ain't no one to help you, and the noise affects my nerves. There's one of us a-waiting outside, and another watching your daughter, and another having a tata tata with the maids, so you may as well be quiet. The footman is, unfortunately, absent according to orders, and—

Mrs. C. Man! Are you aware that this is a very frightful crime which you are committing, and will render you liable—

Second Burglar. Come, old gal, none of that. Keep that for Sundays.

First Burglar. The first thing we want is that bag, hand it over. Very well. The next thing we want is your watch and the lady's jewels.

Mr. C. You shall have them all if you'll lower that pistol, and not alarm my wife.

First Burglar. All right, there, I'll put it in my pocket. Now, show us where the swag is. (*Suddenly a voice is heard singing, "Come into the Garden, Maud." They all listen till end of first stanza, when First Burglar runs and opens window.*)

First Burglar. Stop that row, Tom, you idiot. Keep your singing till you get home, you fool. That's what comes of taking one of these broken down music hall gents into the business. Here! you'll bring all the County Police upon us in a jiffy.

Mrs. C. Help! Police! Help!

Harry (shouting). Hallo, what's the matter. Do you want help?

Second Burglar. Hallo, Bill, let's be off, we've been put upon somehow. Summut's gone wrong; but I never knew the likes of this. Off you go. Bring the bag along.

First Burglar. Right you are; stand close.

(Exeunt Burglars. Mrs. C. rushes to window and screams "Help" and "Murder." Mr. C. picks up bag from under bed and examines it.)

Mr. C. Good heavens! I'm robbed, ruined, done for! Mary! Mary! We're ruined.

Mrs. C. Gracious, what have you done?

Mr. C. I've given them the WRONG BAG.

(Curtain.)

SCENE IV. *Among the bushes in MR. JOHN CASTLETON'S Garden. Moonlight.*

Harry. Here they are behind this bush, look out, dad.

Richard Castleton. All right!—steady, Harry! (Two Burglars rush out. HARRY closes with one, who falls, and then fires and runs off.)

Richard Castleton (*knocks other Burglar down with his stick*). If you stir a limb I'll smash your ugly head in, you d——d scoundrel. Are you hurt, Harry?

Harry. No, sir, nothing to signify, but I am afraid I can't run after my man. Yonder go two more thieves with James after them.

Richard Castleton (shouting). James, James, come back. Help here. Give us a hand here. (*Enter*

JAMES.) Hold this villain, and if he stirs knock his brains out with this stick.

James. Aye, aye, sir, trust me. I've had one of the villains with a pistol to my ear for ever so long. I never undressed, for I felt quite queer about what the maids had told me, but the villains got into the house before I heard them. (*Enter MR. CASTLETON with lamp.*)

Mr. C. Good Heavens, I hope nobody is shot! Whom have you got there?

Richard Castleton. Only a man I knocked down with my stick, and he's uncommonly like your servant William, as I saw him by moonlight. Harry is hurt I fear, brother, let us look to him first.

Harry. Oh, never mind me, I am just grazed in the calf, so that I can't walk at present, but I'm sure it's only a graze.

James. Lor', sir, here he is sure enough! I thought I know'd the look of him. I hope he's dead and all. Oh, you villain!

Richard Castleton. Well, I hit him full on the head as he rushed at me, but I hope I've not killed him. Here Hancock, glad to see you, just run round for Mr. Squills and bring him as fast as you can to look after the wounded.

Mr. C. Aye, that's right, brother, send for the doctor. As for me I'm past all help; ruined, ruined!

Richard Castleton. Why, what's the matter! Have the villains gone off with much? They hadn't much time, thanks to Harry's song. It's an ill wind blows nobody any good. What have they got?

Mr. C. Why, nearly all my money. I'll tell you.

When I heard them breaking in I put all the notes and gold in one bag, and the silver and copper in another, which I meant to give the thieves to satisfy them; and then by mistake I gave them the wrong bag—nearly £5000. It's a dreadful loss. I can never replace it, and in these bad times it breaks one's heart.

Richard Castleton. Come, come, brother, it's a bad job, but not so bad as that. You won't break with a loss of £5000; and we may recover the notes perhaps if we look sharp. Besides I know a way to set all straight. Now, here's Harry injured in your service, as I may say—you owe him a good turn for interrupting the burglars. The bit of money I picked up in India I shall leave to him. You know he wants to marry Maud, so if I leave my fortune to him, and he marries Maud, why it's as good as if I left it to you almost.

Mr. C. My dear brother, you run on so fast you quite take my breath away. Surely you don't mean to leave all your fortune to Harry. Why you've a large fortune, why should you give it all to a lad who is in some sort a stranger. And beyond this, even if you left him all your fortune I could not consent to his marrying Maud, because—

James. Hi, Master, look here. See what I've found underneath this villain.

Mr. C. Let me see it. Why, it's my bag! It's my money—(*examining bag*)—all safe and sound apparently. Well, this is luck!

Richard Castleton. So the money is not lost after all. Come, that ought to put you in a good humour. Come here, Harry. Who is Harry?—that is what you wish to ask? Brother, I will tell you, and I will tell him. What

has made me keep the secret so long I hardly know. At first I had strong reasons for keeping the secret. A long time ago—a long time ago—aye, it seems half a century. Let me see—how old is Harry? Twenty-two—then twenty-four years ago I married—aye you may start—I married in India. I married because—because I couldn't help it. I was too young to marry—I concealed my marriage on that account from my relatives. Harry, your hand. Your mother was a very beautiful lady, and as pure and good as she was fair. I cannot speak more about this just now. You are her only child. Ah, well, she died then. Her father, an officer in the army, died before we were married. Her mother was foolish enough to let me have my own way. One foolish feeling after another kept me from declaring my secret; a sort of shame of my own folly kept me back. When you come to think it over, brother, it will explain many things to you which must have puzzled you. Now shake hands with your nephew. Ah! here come the ladies. My dears, I hope you have recovered from your alarm.

Mrs. C. We have come to look for Harry. We heard he was hurt.

Richard Castleton. Oh, nothing but a scratch—and now let me introduce you to your nephew; and you, Miss Maud, to your new found cousin, my only son and heir.

Mrs. C. I am amazed! I felt sure there was some mystery, and even now I don't quite understand.

Richard Castleton. My dear sister, I will explain all at length when we return to the house.

Mr. C. Well, the young people appear to be settling everything by themselves while we stand talking. I

suppose I must shake hands, brother, upon what seems now a first-rate bargain for me.

Richard Castleton. And for me too, I assure you, for my boy's happiness seems to be assured. Come here, Harry. Now if you young people have no objection to make a match of it, we old ones are agreed, and let us hope in the future we may have no more burglars to visit us.

Mr. C. And no more serenades, you young rascal.

Harry. Ah, that depends upon you (*to audience*), for as long as you approve, the burglars shall be serenaded every night. (*Curtain.*)

A FARRAGO OF VERSES.

WORDSWORTHIAN IMPRESSIONS IN COURT.

I SAW, whiles I was taking notes,
All in the Court as I reclined
In that mad mood, when silly thoughts
Bring wise thoughts to the mind ;—

So strange a sight, it made me shrink,—
My soul was filled with speechless awe ;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What lawyers make of law.

In silk or stuff arrayed for war
The periwigs in order sate ;
And 'tis my faith that all the Bar
Deserve the fees they get !

Their clerks about me hopped and played,—
Their thoughts I cannot measure ;
But the least “ motion ” that was made
Gave them a thrill of pleasure.

The Judges, looking more than man,
Like ermine-mantled owls did stare ;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was wisdom there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
And yet there's endless froth and jaw,
Have I not reason to lament
What lawyers make of law ?

THE BRIEFLESS ONE.

I.

THE happy sparrows flit and sport
Upon the lightsome wing ;
They see what passes in the Court,—
They see, and yet they sing.
But I sit watching thee alone,
And sigh the while I see ;—
Ah ! turn thy gentle steps this way,
And bring thy briefs to me.

II.

Ah, sweet attorney ! I behold
Thy briefs so fat and fair ;
And on the back is marked the gold
I long so much to share.
Alas ! why all thy favour pour
On Robinson, Q.C. ?

Ah ! deign to bless the second floor,
And bring thy briefs to me.

III.

I hear thy step upon the stair !
My heart beats as 'twould burst !
Ah me ! how vain this foolish fear,
Thou knockest at the first.
Raise, raise thy lovely eyes once more,
Then may'st thou haply see
The name of Figgins on the door,
And bring thy briefs to me.

TO THE WINE TREASURER OF THE
CIRCUIT MESS.

WINK at it only with thine eyes,
Nor taste it while we dine ;
Or pour the liquor in my cup,
But do not call it wine.
The thirst that from the Courts doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine ;
But might I of ditch water sup
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late three guineas, net,
Not so much trusting thee,
As hoping that in small sound beer
It might expended be ;

But thou therewith didst only get
An odd job lot for me ;
Since when I daily growl and swear
Both at thy wine and thee.

ODE TO SUMMER.

I.

GONE are the smiles, gone are the tears of Spring !
The blush, the bloom, has passed away.
The earth no more is gay.
The birds have ceased their jocund songs to sing ;
Hush'd is the nightingale ;
And hill and dale
Sleep silent through the day.
'Neath the fierce blinding light,
The cornflow'r blue, and poppy fiery bright
In the hot cornfields deck the yellowing blade.
The drowsy kine are hiding in the shade,
Or in the rippling shallows dreaming stand ;
And vapours shimmer on the burning land.

II.

Gone are the smiles, gone are the tears of Spring !
Weary I watch the pillowy clouds asleep
Upon the everlasting blue serene ;
Wearily watch the flies on glittering wing,
Poising among the flowers ; bees which keep
Their million murmurings in the odorous limes,
Though hardly to be seen ;

Wearily watch the swifts a hundred times
 Whirl, interspers'd in many a mazy round
 The livelong day, high up in heaven profound ;
 Nor ever light, nor rest a tirèd wing,
 Nor cease from their shrill twittering—
 Late comers, and soon-leavers of our climes.

III.

Calm season of repose and peaceful thought !
 Patient renewer of the bodily frame,
 And soother of the soul ! All things are brought
 By thee, in quiet, to their perfect end,
 And full fruition. Who shall call thee tame ?
 Each season hath its own peculiar charm—
 Can its own message to the spirit send,
 Yet not the same.
 The hard-faced Winter has a heart can warm
 At want, and care, and suffering ;
 The joyous welcome of advancing Spring
 Can cheer the toilsome traveller's return ;
 And Autumn, lingering out a last farewell,
 Can make the bosom swell
 With thoughts that burn,
 So sweetly sad,
 So sadly sweet,
 As half to cheat,
 And wile us into being glad.

IV.

But you, fair Summer, stay with us, oh stay,
 As long time as you may !

Dear, unaffected Summer, with your honest smile,
 Oh stay with us awhile !
A constant friend, an ever welcome guest,
 Giving a strength, a confidence supreme,
A hope, a faith, a warmth within the breast,
 A light, a joy, an influence rare
That shall endure, though sunshine be withdrawn,
 Through Autumn's fading dream,
And through the night of Winter, to the dawn
 Of love and light, and all things sweet and fair.

SERENADE.

(MORNING.)

I HAVE been dreaming only—
 Only dreaming of thee,
All through the dark night lonely,
 Longing the light to see.

Here, where the dewdrop shimmers,
 Sinking into the lawn,—
Here, where the last star glimmers,
 Dying away at dawn,—

Trembling, I come to greet thee,—
 Lo, as the star and dew,
Though it were death to meet thee,
 Strike me dead too

AUTUMN SONG.

I.

CRIMSON and gold in the Autumn sky !
Crimson and gold on the trees !
Crimson and gold in the wood and the wold,
Where the gossamers shake in the breeze !
Ah me, for the splendour that fades !
Well-a-day, for the beauty that dies,—
For the vanishing bloom in the deepening gloom
Of the dark November skies !

II.

Crimson and gold ! Crimson and gold !
Brighter and ruddier still !
But the year is old, and the death-bell told
When December winds are chill.
Well-away, for the glory that wanes !
And, alas, for the leaves that are sear !
For the Spirit has fled, and the Body lies dead,
Till the Spring time of the year.

YE ANCIENT KNIGHTS TEMPLAR AND YE
NEW READER.¹

AN INGOLDSBY LEGEND.

THERE was dreadful commotion
Down under the Ocean,
In that dismal region
Where parties are waiting, whose name it is legion,
Till such time as their sins
Shall be all purged away
By the process, as some still believe or else say,
Of the mutual wearing of stones and of shins.

The cause of the noise,
Which arose in that land of absent joys,
Was a sudden report
Of so startling a sort,
As made every one swear a deal more than he ought ;
Some shook in their shoes ;
Some had fits of the blues ;
And the papers made fortunes by crying the news ;
And the Knights of the Temple they couldn't but
choose

¹ This was written above twenty-five years ago, at the time of the event. I hope no one can be found so dull as to suppose that it is intended to take any side, or express any view. It was always meant for simple nonsense, and I am told it is amusing.

To take that occasion for killing some Jews,—
 'Twas a way they'd had long,
 When things would go wrong,
 Of easing their minds, and expressing their views.

So frightful the turmoil they raised in their diggings,
 That a meeting was summoned (D.V.) by the Master,
 To endeavour to stay any further disaster.
 He, after invoking his patron, St. Jiggins,
 Thus bespoke those defunct ones they call the Big-
 wiggins :

“Knights of the Bench ! by telegraphic message
 I've just received the strangest news of this age.
 Ye know Sam Warren, Treasurer of the Inner,
 He hath approved himself an awful sinner ;—
 Yea, by St. Bugo ! of all things that grovel
 I hate a Knight who writes a three vol. novel !
 (I quite forget the name—ah, let me see,
 I think he wrote the ‘Lily and the Bee’);
 Now this great Warren's treasurer for the year,
 And makes no end of stir,—I think that's clear.
 Listen, ye Knights, escaped the last perdition,
 By martyr's groans and candle-light petition,—
 The Temple Church is open unto ‘Competition.’”

Then rose a row tremendous, and a yell
 Of oaths so loud and long,
 That e'en the very demons down in hell
 Owned that they thought such language far too
 strong.
 At length the Master through the hubbub broke,
 And thus he spoke :

“Knights of the Temple, Masters of the Bench,
 Who never funk'd the foe in field or trench,
 Say, shall we now like craven Moslems yield,
 And leave Sam Warren master of the field?
 Be well advised by me. 'Tis true, 'tis pity—
 I hear they have appointed a committee,
 Who will select some sacred six or so
 From testimonials, got we all know how;
 And then Sam Warren's got into that head of his
 To hear them all within the sacred edifice!
 That we may learn how fare these competitioners,
 Suppose we send two qualified Commissioners;
 Like Maule and Russell Gurney, they may take a
 Trip unto Earth as easy as Jamaica.
 I beg to name two Knights who ought to go,—
 Brian de Bois and Wilfred Ivanhoe.”

“Brian de Bois! Brian de Bois!”
 Shouted each *ci-devant* man of the law.

“Brian de Bois, and Ivanhoe! .

They are the men who ought to go.”

Then shaking their hands, and slapping their backs,
 They sent them both off in a couple of cracks.

And away they went,
 To the earth they bent
 Their course through the Ocean and Firmament;
 They alighted on Earth in the Strand, and straightway
 Passed through Temple Bar, and entered the gate-
 way,
 Then into the Church their way they shovèd
 Just as H——n opened with “Dearly Belovèd.”

When service was done,
And the company gone,
And the Bench with their ladies took luncheon at one,
The Commissioners twain came sallying out
In search of a chop and a pewter of stout ;
And could any sign be more fit to invite a
Quasi-monastical knight than the "Mitre" ?

As soon as their lunch
They had finished to munch,
In order they might not be left in the lurch,
Each crammed in his pocket his half-finished hunch,
Gave a tip to the waiter, and entered the Church.

The music they thought
Was just as it ought,
And a general sense of warmth and of go in it,
Which the morning performance failed sadly to show
in it ;
In fact, 'tis a thing that one cannot well doubt—
Things seem better by far on a pint of good stout.

Then away they go
To the regions below,
Where the Knights of the Temple were waiting to know
The report of Sir Brian and Ivanhoe.

Then Sir Brian de Bois,
Without any more jaw,
Read out his report
Which was really quite short,
Considering the length to which most have resort.

- “ Your Commissioners find
 As your Worship opined,
 That the Bench have designed
 To throw open the Readership (time out of mind
 An office to close nomination confined)
 To a general free fight of the whole of mankind.”
 (Oh ! Oh ! and loud hisses from Templars behind.)
- “ And next in their wisdom determined to fix
 On a careful selection of some certain six
 Of those, who by reading approved themselves bricks.
 These six by a process most deftly contrived
 Had been chosen before your Commission arrived.
 There is H——n, he who has read there before ;
 And B—k, a high-churchman ” (loud cheers and up-
 roar).
- “ There’s Du B——y from France, as we hear it avowed,”
 (“ There are bullies elsewhere,” cried a voice in the
 crowd.)
- It must have been Wamba’s, or so I suppose,
 For Ivanhoe hit him a whack on the nose.
- “ There’s A——r, they say he’s a man without friends”—
 (A voice from the crowd : “ Then heave several brick
 ends.”)
- “ There’s an eloquent preacher, whose name it is
 M——n.”
 (A voice from the Hall
 Here set up a bawl,
- “ Oh my eye and Betty, he’ll get it for sartin.”
 And a very rude fellow next shouted, “ Hear, Hear !
 Let’s all vote for M——n and plenty of beer.”)
- “ Last there’s O—y, a swell as we hear, from the West;—
 That makes up the six, and they say he’s the best.

Your Commissioners further make answer, and say,
 Concerning the two they've been hearing to-day,
 That the reading of H——n
 Bears no comparison
 To the reading of B—k.” (Loud cheers from the garri-
 son.)

“So far we're agreed ; but we thought it strange if a
 Commission should ever be found not to differ ;
 And I'm sorry to say,” said Sir Brian de Bois,

“Though I wish it were not so, in truth, *par ma foi*,
 That my friend, Ivanhoe,
 Who is ‘broad’ as you know,”

(Satirical cheers and loud cries of “Oh ! Oh !”)

“Maintains he objects

In many respects

To a sermon of B—k's

Which I beg to report as quite double X.

'Twas delivered in fact without any impediment,

And gave the idea that whatever he said he meant.”

Then Wilfred, the Knight of Ivanhoe,

Rose and spoke few words and slow,

With a face of the deepest dejection and woe :

“You'll excuse if the sermon of B—k, sirs, p'r'aps odd I
 call,

But I couldn't help thinking it somewhat rhapsodical ;

His argument sure was a little digressional,

In fact had a tinge of what's called the Confessional,

And I own I must add at the risk of my neck,

This very high-churchman's a watery B—k.”

This joke fell quite flat from a party so sombre ;

The fact of it was he'd just heard it from Wamba.

Then a tumult arose,
 And words came to blows,
 And many a knight got a very red nose !
 "A B—k ! A B—k," was the stirring cry,
 "Let's have a man who is high and dry !"
 Then "O—y, O—y," others roared ;
 "Let's have a man who's deep and broad !"
 Till order at length was partly restored,
 And an order was passed, that the same, who before'd
 Been up to the Earth, should go and return,
 And report to the meeting whate'er they could learn.
 So away they went, and back they came,
 And reported Du B——y a trifle too tame ;
 Though really quite good—more to praise than to
 blame.
 But the moment they mentioned the name of A. A——r,
 The herald announced an illustrious stranger.

An angel ever bright and fair,
 With the right coloured hair,
 And wings quite a pair,
 And having an air
 So *distingué* and rare,
 That the pictures of Raphael would hardly compare,
 And a dress quite as long as the ladies now wear,
 Came into the meeting, and spoke to the Chair.
 "Grand Master, I am ordered to declare
 That half your Purgatorial Probation
 Is taken off, in sole consideration
 Of Alfred A——r's reading and oration."
 Then away he flew
 Into the realins of eternal blue

The Commissioners twain
 To the earth again
 Came to hear the last of the candidates read,
 Feeling indeed
 A kind of *ennui* as to who should succeed ;
 And, when they came down
 Unto Hades from town,
 They read to the whole of the Grand Master's meeting
 Their report : " To the Knights of the Temple, We,
 Greeting,
 Your Commissioners find,
 That the Bench are inclined
 Not to vote for the M——n, or birds of his kind.
 As to O—y, he preached a fine sermon, we know,
 But we fear unto mortals it seemed but 'so so,'
 For nobody heard it beyond the first row.
 And it's really absurd
 When a man isn't heard ;—
 As for instance an actor, who loud as he bawls,
 Yet no one can hear him except in the stalls,
 He won't be much cheered when the curtain falls !
 And it's out of the question the Benchers could suffer
 A cry in the Church of 'Speak hup, you young duffer,'
 And sufficient respect for the service still lingers
 To stop a man whistling between his two fingers !
 We, therefore, your humble Commission aforesaid,
 On their various claims having duly discoursed,
 Beg now to suggest to this much honoured body,
 That the health of A. A. be now drunk in gin toddy."

It was carried *nem. con.*,
 And they all jumped upon

The tables and chairs, and then gave "three times three,"

And ended the evening by having a spree ;
And Brian de Bois, who had got very drunk,
Called Ivanhoe, roundly, a knave and a funk,
Said *he* wouldn't marry the child of a Jew,
For Thackeray said so, who always said true.

But Ivanhoe struck him a blow with his battle-axe,

Right on the sconce where a blow the most sore it is !
If you want to know how, you had better the cattle axe,
Lately destroyed by the local authorities.

And Sir Brian de Bois, who was getting unstable,
Fell down with the rest of the knights'neath the table.

In council they sat
The day after that,
And all the next day
They waited, till night had half vanished away ;
When a post, flying fast
On the wings of the blast,
Blew his horn upon coming to Hades at last.
Then he entered the Hall, and the silence he broke,
Crying "A—r for ever !" and vanished in smoke !
Then all the Knights-Templars did nothing but bawl,
"An A—r for ever, and Trinity Hall !"
Until they grew hoarse,
And desisted of course,
When the Seraph, returning, pronounced them forgiven,
And all the Knights-Templars went clean up to heaven !

MORAL.

If you want to succeed in the world that you live in,
Learn "Reading and Writing," where lessons are given;
And to make success sure, if you're clever and quick,
Add the "Use of the Globes and Arithmetic";
And, if ever the Parliament Chamber you are in,
Give my kindest respects to the treasurer Warren.

OLD NURSERY RHYMES

ADAPTED FOR THE USE OF BOARD SCHOOLS IN THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY.

I.

OH, mention not that worthy name, our chieftain's pride
and joy;
Nor give the Christian name in full of that ungracious boy,
The low abbreviation best befits his case, I ween,
Repeated in contemptuous tones, as it so oft hath been.

One darksome night, on evil bent, he sought the widow's
cot,
He pitied not her poverty; her screams he heeded not;
He pounced upon her only store, her stay, her hope, her
pride;
Then seized his prey, and fled away his wicked deed to
hide.

He asked some friends to dinner ; but, e'er they were sat
down,
A fragrance as of onions pervaded all the town,
The constables were on the scent, as quickly as might be ;
And our good town was all agog to celebrate the spree.

Upon the board were legs of pork, and ribs all crackling
o'er,
And apple sauce, and black puddings, and sausages
galore,
And feet, and chaps, and dainty scraps, to every man his
share,
The whole of that huge quadruped was eaten then and
there !

They battered at the felon's door, and soon they dragged
him out,
And tied him tight to a cart's tail, and plied him with the
knout,
He roared so loud and lustily, there's many that avow,
His honour'd father's bagpipes never kicked up such a
row.

MORAL.

You need not fear, my little dear, to undergo his fate ;
For punishments for wicked deeds are quite gone out of
date.
And as for rights of property—they're nobody's concern,
For every man can live and thrive on what his neigh-
bours earn.

II.

There was a somewhat aged dame whose residence was
small,
But there she dwelt as proudly as a magnate in his hall ;
The grander folk would look askance and scorn her
humble lot,
And use opprobrious epithets to designate her cot.

She was a widow, it would seem ; for no one ever knew
Her husband's name or lineage, or how their courtship
grew.
She had a numerous progeny, who plagued her very sore,
And though wellnigh distracted, she gallantly upbore.

She fed them upon meagre fare ; 'twas all she could
afford ;
And then she whipped them soundly, till the little urchins
roared.
This counter irritation served to take the place of bread,
And sent them warm and thankful to their over-crowded
bed.

MORAL.

Your parents, dear, will never need such shocking things
to do,
Free breakfasts and free suppers, dear, the State will find
for you ;
No crowding into narrow space, but room enough to
spare ;
The sanitary inspectors, dear, will regulate the air.

And, if you should grow troublesome, and make a little
noise,
No angry parents now dare whip their truant girls or boys,
They'll swear you are "beyond control" before the
nearest Beak,
And then you'll be provided for at eighteen pence a week.

THE KNIGHT OF THE FOREST.

HIGH in the heaven flamed the burning sun,
Bathing the green leaves of the wood ; and smote
Grey trunks of beech, and silver stems of birch,
Wild arms of oak ; and, dappling the soft sward,
Glittered on lakes of rippling hyacinth,
Pink campion, stitchwort, purple bugloss, backed
With bowers of May, mocking the Winter snows.
The birds had hush'd their singing : 'Twas midday,
And hot as Summer. All the latent life
Of the wild wood lay sleeping in the heat.
A hundred odours breathed through the warm air,
Deliciously oppressive. Not a sound
Stirred in the thicket ; only here and there
A trickling streamlet wandered through the flowers,
Making a murmur scarcely audible,
And hushed upon the humming of a bee.
Bright butterflies came suddenly to sight,
And went so swiftly, that a man might think
The flowers had parted with their souls. A cloud
Of nimble gnats danced in each column of light,
Cleaving the foliage.

'Twas a day to dream
Of love and idleness. Oh, then to die
Seems sweeter than to strive !—

A gentle knight
Was riding through the forest all alone.
White was his steed, and silver white his plume,
And white his burnish'd armour, greaves, and casque ;
But golden all the hair, like falling fire
From underneath the helm, flowed on the neck
And massy shoulders ; silver the bridle rein,
And silver shone the bugle by his side ;
And silver flowers were wreathed upon the sheath
Of the silver-hafted sword. His vizor raised,
Showed a fair face and youthful, with blue eyes,—
Blue as the bluebells which they looked upon,—
And lips as pink as campion, shaded by the down
Of coming manhood ; like a rosebud, he,
Seeming a part of all the lovely day
That danced and played around him. Listlessly
He seemed to ride, as in a dream, and let
The rein hang loosely. As he rode he sang :—

- “ Roses, roses, white and red,
Scatter them over my true love's bed ;
Then, if she waken, they shall be
Gifts to remind her of love and me.
- “ Roses, roses, red and white,
Scatter them over my bed at night ;
Then, if I waken, I shall see
Sweets that shall tell me of love and thee.
- “ Roses, roses, wild and sweet,
Sweet as the kisses when lovers meet !

Ah ! when they waken, shall they see
Roses, roses, or miserie ? ”

So sang he, as he rode with loosen'd rein ;
Then, on a sudden start or stumble, lo !—
He raised his eyes, and in his path beheld
A lady mounted on a night-black steed.
Twice twenty silver bells, which music made
To every motion, hung from the arched neck
Of her wild palfrey. Crimson velvet, trimmed
With goldsmith's subtlest work and ivory,
Adorned the saddle. All her dress was white—
A flowing skirt, which let one little foot
Show in the stirrup. From the slender waist
The form, voluptuous, swelled to the white neck,
The breast scarce hidden, and the movement free
And unabashed. Soft plumes of snowy white
Waved o'er her cap, beneath whose shade there glowed
Eyes of a fiery black, dark-pencilled brows
And lashes ; but pure white the skin, and red
The flushing of the cheeks and pouting lips
Luxurious. In her right hand she held
Her bow, and in her belt bright arrows shone.
Her left hand held the reins, and kept in leash
Three greyhounds, while three dogs of scent
Followed her horse's heels. So fair the sight,
His eyes seemed blinded as he looked on her.
Shivering with terror, and with ears thrown back,
The knight's horse motionless stood, head crouched,
Distended nostrils, gathering flakes of foam
On stiffening limbs. The lady onward came ;
Then reined her steed, and bow'd a smiling face,

Saying, "Sir Knight, how came ye in this wood?"
But he, amazed, bent to his saddle bow—
"Fair vision, if thou cam'st from Heaven, speak,
And bid me be thy slave; thee to obey
I will be bound 'gainst all the world in arms."
"Wilt thou be bound, fair youth," the lady said;
"Those who are slaves to me must give up all
To do my bidding,—truth, and fame, and right,
Love of their kind, high purposes, and deeds
Of daring, and the hope of brighter worlds:—
All these they must forego, nor flinch nor turn;
Can'st thou do this for me?"

She, bending down,
Half coyly, from her palfrey, threw one arm
Over his shoulder, while her other hand
Sought his, which held the bridle. Her hot breath
Burned on his cheek, and her bright eyes shot fire
Into his own. His right arm round her waist,
Held her full breast to his, and their lips met
In a wild whirl of passion, "Love, my love,
Here let us rest within this wood so fair."

E'en as he spoke,
A darkness gathered over the wild wood,
Stillness and stifling gloom, as though the air
Was haunted by approaching horror, stricken dumb
And motionless with fear; until the storm
Burst furious, crashing through the heaving trees,
Moaning, while gleams of light through torrent showers
Incessant flashed, rolling and cracking peals
Of thunder shook the forest. Serpents and toads
And lissome lizards hurried across the paths,
All creatures of the midnight, bats and owls,

Bewildered beat the branches. The song birds
Fled far, affrighted. All the flowers drooped
Under the pelting storm. Long time the rage
And fury of the tempest lasted ; till at length
It spent itself, aweary of its work ;
And in the east, lo ! the faint blush of dawn.

THE ONE HORSE SHAY.

(A NEW VERSION.)

'Twas on the stroke of two, and nothing was to do,
And none of us the least inclined at home to stay,
When Mrs. Smith proposed that, if we were disposed,
We might take a little pleasure in the One Horse
Shay.

She had some calls to make, and thought she well might
take
These neighbours very nicely as she went upon her
way.
So she ordered out the horse; she'd drive herself, of
course ;
There was only room for four in the One Horse Shay.

She mentioned to the groom she should much prefer his
room
To his company, as four of us would drive that day.
There was Mrs. William Smith, who would be seated with
Miss Boden on the front seat of the One Horse Shay.

Then Messrs. George and Horace must contrive themselves to solace

On the little seat behind, or the "dickey," as they say;
But all were well contented, and on the whole presented

A very cheerful aspect in the One Horse Shay.

The chaise was very neat ; it seemed a thing complete ;

It might have come from Laurie & Marner's that day.
The horse, a four-year-old, had only just been sold
To the fortunate possessors of the One Horse Shay.

The wheels were clear of stains ; there were little dapper
reins

Which looked on an emergency inclined to give way.
But they seemed so bright and new, we thought that they
might do

To take a little drive with in the One Horse Shay.

The chaise came to the door, and seated were the four,

Expecting much enjoyment on a very lovely day.
And then they fell to laughing, and scrimmaging, and
chaffing,—

Such a very merry party in the One Horse Shay.

One said he thought that he were best insured to be ;

And another cried, " I'll hold him, if he runs away."
And so the moments fled—the groom let go the head,
And off the party started in the One Horse Shay.

The horse began to start by kicking pretty smart,

And wriggling of his body in an odd sort of way.

And then began to go, while Horace cried out "Wo!"
From the dickey at the back of the One Horse Shay.

With his head between his knees the pony by degrees
Got into a wild gallop, which was something more than
gay.

The reins they came in two, "Oh, Lawk! what shall we
do?"¹

Mrs. S. was heard exclaiming in the One Horse Shay.

Then bang among the bushes the carriage wildly rushes,
A smashing, and a crashing, in a terrible way.
Then right against a lime, before a man had time
"Jack Robinson" to halloo, dashed the One Horse
Shay.

My Muse can scarcely tell the grief that then befel,
It makes her feel all-overish, the truth to say;
For both the ladies screamed, and everybody deemed
It was all up with the party in the One Horse Shay.

For all the four together, as if fastened by a tether,
Were shot out of the carriage, just like a truss of hay,
While the horse dashed through the gate at a most tremendous rate,
Dragging after him the *débris* of the One Horse Shay.

The servants gathered round:—George, jumping from
the ground,

Ran out to seek the carriage on the Queen's highway;

¹ Upon my reading this in the family circle, the lady laughingly repudiated this expression. "How could I have got Daniel on my notes unless you told me so, sir!"

While Mrs. Smith and Kate sat thinking on their fate,
And gazing on the front wheels of the One Horse Shay.

Poor Horace, in a heap, seemed much disposed to sleep,
And though he groaned a little yet nothing would he
say,
Till picked up by the maid, he said, "Take me to the
shade,"
Which frightened all the party in the One Horse Shay.

They went up to the house, their bruises for to souse,
Like noble British heroes at the end of an affray,
And the surgeon soon arrives with lots of little knives,
To cut up all the party in the One Horse Shay.

And now my song is ended ; my broken head is mended,
And all are going on in a convalescent way.
And, since no bones are broke, we treat it as a joke,
This pleasant little journey in the One Horse Shay.

VOLUNTEER SONG.

I.

My costume, though it isn't grand, at least it's rather
showy,
When you walk along the street your friends are certain
not to know ye ;

It seems so sweet, it looks so neat, so unlike other men's,
if
It isn't all that one could wish, at least it's inexpensive.

Chorus—

We've hit on a trick we think will do to keep the foe
from the island,
By picking them off from behind a hedge the moment
they get upon dry land.

II.

If anybody makes to you the trifling observation,
"What may be your title, sir, your trade or avocation,"
Why you're "a rifle volunteer," and your "principal
occupation
Is to walk about the country protecting of the nation."

For we've hit on a trick, etc.

III.

If foreign foes should chance to come some very foggy
morning,
And land an army from their ships without the slightest
warning,
They'd be rather surprised, if a rifle corps, from a very
remarkable distance,
Were to cause a half of the troops to fall dead, and a
general stampede of the missed 'uns.

For we've hit on a trick, etc.

IV.

You may talk of Alexander, of Buonaparte, or Caesar,
Likewise the Duke of Wellington, but you needn't talk
to me, sir ;
You may talk of Guards or Grenadiers or Royal Fusiliers,
sir,
There's none so rare as can compare with the British
Volunteers, sir.

For we've hit on a trick, etc.

V.

No foreign foe, by land or sea, with cowardice shall
taunt us,
No secret rebel ever dare with dynamite to daunt us ;
This happy land secure shall stand, nor fear or wind
or weather,
While British hearts and British hands are firmly knit
together,

For we've hit on a trick, etc.

VI.

And now I think we can't do better upon the present
occasion,
Than take a proverb from the creed of the Puritan
persuasion :
Just put our trust in Providence and never fear invasion,
But remember to keep our powder—in a state of pre-
servation.

For we've hit on a trick, etc.

LINES WRITTEN AT CHAMOUNIX.

MONT BLANC is the monarch of mountains,
Which perhaps you might not know,
And I *may* be allowed to mention,
That they crowned him long ago ;
On a throne of rocks with a robe of clouds,
Et toutes choses comme il faut.

But now o'er the rocks
With their alpen stocks,
And their worsted socks,
And their knickerbock's,
And their smocks and frocks,
Displaying their hocks,
They ascend in such flocks,
As propriety shocks,
And it's hardly the thing to go,
You know ;
It's hardly the thing to go—
So I think I shall stay below,
You know ;
I think I shall stay below.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

I.

SOME counsel may know less of that,
And some use more of this ;
But, if they use them well combined,
They can't the verdict miss.

1. Beware which way you spell it,—this is a place of shame.
2. This is a ship,—a noisy song will tell you of her fame,
3. And this is just the half of what the dog said to the dame.

II.

Two prepositions, on my word,
Joined together will make a third.

1. Since this is it, you can't the answer miss.
2. If you guess wrong, the answer will be this.

NONSENSE VERSES.

I.

THERE was an old maid of Bermuda
Was in debt to a party, who sued her ;
 When asked what she owed,
 She replied, " You be blowed ! "
She could not have said anything ruder.

II.

There was an old man of Timbuctoo,
Sat down on a chair, which he stuck to ;
 His friends, for six weeks,
 Pulled in vain at the breeks
Of that adhesive old man of Timbuctoo.

III.

There was an old party of Ischl,
Who found the air most prejudicial ;
 And so ill he became,
 That, in signing his name,
He only could write the initial.

IV.

There was an old party of Brussels,
Who lived upon shell-fish called mussels ;
 One stuck in his throat,
 But a surgeon of note
Extracted it,—after some tussles.

V.

There was an old man of Domingo
Had a habit of swearing “by Jingo,”
 Till a friend having come,
 Who suggested “by Gum,”
He preferred it at once to “by Jingo.”

VI.

There once was a bishop, Colenso,
The Pentateuch smashed, *in extenso*.
 He said : “See what comes
 Of Rule of Three sums,—
Though I’d not an idea it would end so.”



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